

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

APRIL, 1857.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF SUMMERFIELD.

BY BISHOP MORRIS.

THE first biographer of Rev. John Summerfield, it was alleged by reviewers, failed in an attempt to portray his eloquence. The charge was true; but the biographer was not accountable. The manner of Mr. Summerfield could not be transferred to paper. His eloquence was indescribable. None could fully appreciate his elocution but such as heard his moving, melting accents, teaching the sublime truths of the Gospel with becoming simplicity. If it be asked, in what did his excellency as a preacher consist, I can only reply, in a concentration of all excellencies. Such was the opinion I formed on hearing for myself about one-third of a century ago. I now propose to furnish nothing more than some of my personal recollections of that distinguished young evangelist.

Before I ever saw Mr. S., I felt an interest in him, occasioned by fragmentary notices of his preaching in the secular newspapers. That interest had been strengthened by verbal rumors that met me on my journey eastward, especially in the District of Columbia, where I met with some who had heard him. But on reaching Baltimore, where he had frequently held forth the word of life before vast multitudes, every one appeared to be led captive, without distinction of classes. Passing groups of colored people engaged in earnest conversation, I overheard them say, with apparent delight, "The great Mr. Summerfield!" A little beyond these, I passed companies of merry children, who even amid their street gambols, often repeated with evident complaisance, "Mr. Summerfield!" Members of the Church, in several instances, said to me, that they would rather go where Mr. Summerfield preached, although unable to get into the Church, or enjoy any thing more than to see him pass in and out,

without hearing a word, than to hear any other minister preach his best sermon. When asked why, they could not explain it, only such was their feeling. All this to me appeared to evince an extravagant partiality. Of Mr. Summerfield's personal appearance I had forgotten to seek information, and had formed a most erroneous idea. Having learned that he had been some years a field missionary in Ireland, I had conceived a notion that he was a portly Irishman of imposing person, about the middle age of life, and whose stentorian oratory could, at his command, reach and control the multitudes of people that thronged around him. My mistake was soon corrected. The General conference of 1824 was holding its session in Eutaw Church. My seat was next to that of the now lamented Doctor McCann, who, calling my attention, by a gentle pressure of his elbow, inquired, "Would you like to see Summerfield?" "Yes," said I, following the direction of his eye. But in my anxiety to see the lion I overlooked him, till the Doctor whispered, "Look at that little boy on the seat near the side door," who, by the way, was only a few feet from me. Wonder of wonder! that youth the great Mr. Summerfield? astonishing! With the youthful appearance peculiar to young Englishmen, though twenty-six years old, he seemed to be only twenty, and not fully developed; for his form, naturally slender, was wasted by pulmonary disease. Though of nearly medium height, his weight was probably not over one hundred and twenty pounds. The lower part of his face indicated wasting disease; for his cheeks were thin and his mouth prominent. But his forehead was smooth, elevated, and well proportioned. His hair was nearly the color of a mole, and of a soft, silky appearance. His eye sparkled with intelligence, but was softened with gentleness. His person, as a whole, was symmetrical, and his movements were graceful, but not pompous. So

much as to personal appearance. The engraved portraits in circulation were probably correct when he was in health, but are too full for him as I saw him.

Toward the latter end of the week the Committee on Public Worship announced that Mr. Summerfield would preach on Sabbath at half-past ten o'clock, A. M., in the Caroline-Street Church, and to enable the delegates to secure seats a love-feast was to begin in the same Church at half-past eight o'clock, A. M. By eight o'clock Sunday morning I occupied a seat near the railing, on the right side of the pulpit. When the house was comfortably filled, and the appointed time to begin had arrived, the doors were all locked. Nothing unusual transpired till ten o'clock inside, though it was evident most of the time that there was much outside pressure. At ten o'clock the doors were opened, when the rush of people exceeded any thing of the kind I ever witnessed. An army storming a citadel would scarcely move with more vigor or haste. They came as many abreast as could crowd along the aisles, not walking, but running, and many of them never halted or diminished their speed, till they landed in the side gallery pews opposite the pulpit. Some of the ladies were unusually fleet, and so excited that they seemed scarcely to touch the floor or door-steps as they bounded along. In a few minutes the house was filled and packed to its utmost capacity above and below, aisles, stairways, doorways, and all. At a quarter past ten, Mr. Summerfield arrived, but such was the crowd outside that his friends could not open a way for him to the front door, and if they had he could not have pressed the crowded aisles. As a dernier resort, they got him round to the rear of the Church, and introduced him through a window near where I was seated. The next difficulty was to reach his proper position; walking on the floor was out of the question, the people were so wedged in no one could move to make way. Mr. Summerfield, however, walked on the backs of the pews, carefully passing his feet over shoulders and between heads, till he reached the platform, and ascended the crowded steps as best he could. When he gained the pulpit he knelt in the desk, facing the congregation, when we all breathed softly. Still the whole audience seemed agitated with anxiety, and I own to a participation in the general feeling. One thought suggested by the attendant circumstances is distinctly remembered by me to the present; that is, I thought if the angel Gabriel had been there he could not have met the expectation of that assembly. And let it be re-

membered this was not all novelty; for Mr. Summerfield had probably preached more frequently in Baltimore than any other city, being a member of the Baltimore conference.

Very soon Mr. Summerfield commenced the service by reading the beautiful words of Dr. Watts:

"I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures," etc.

While Mr. Summerfield read these lines I heard sighs and sobs all around me, when, casting about, I saw tears falling in every direction. Said I to myself, What strange influence is come over the people? Any other minister might read the Hymn-Book through, and not bring the congregation to tears; but here we are weeping like children under the recitation of an old, familiar hymn. How is this to be explained? Is there a charm in the voice of Mr. Summerfield irresistible, or is there a heavenly unction coming down to attest his Gospel mission before he delivers his message of mercy? Who can solve the mystery? That the people were deeply moved was evident; the effects were visible in their heaving bosoms and falling tears. Why not conclude that the Spirit of all grace was there, moving the deepest recesses of their hearts? In this state of the multitude praying was easy work, and Mr. Summerfield proceeded therein as if realizing by faith that Christ was in our midst, that his power was present to heal. He announced for his text the words of Paul to the Philippians: "Be careful for nothing; but in every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." The sermon was in keeping with the text, evangelical, impressive, and highly encouraging. I will not inflict on the reader a skeleton plan of that masterly discourse, so perfect in every part that I was prepared to admit the truth of a rumor circulated next day, that Mr. Summerfield had been seen on Sabbath morning promenading the long ropewalk in solitude for two hours, apparently engaged in close mental effort. I will, however, allude to his manner. All appeared natural and easy. He had not spoken five minutes before our undue solicitude was all gone, and we felt as composed as little children receiving maternal instruction. His placid countenance indicated a living fountain of joy welling up in his own heart,

fed from an invisible but inexhaustible source. His action was faultless. Every movement of his person, every muscle of his face, and every inflection of voice, was well placed. Though earnest and pathetic, he was never boisterous or hurried in delivery. His voice was at no period elevated above that of a free conversational tone; yet so distinct was his enunciation that, perhaps, not one word was lost. Fortunately for him, in his feeble state of health, the desire of the people to hear occasioned the most perfect stillness in every part of the house. His illustrations were chiefly drawn from the familiar objects of human life. He had much to say of little children, birds, and flowers, not, however, to embellish a fancy picture, but to illustrate some practical religious truth. At one point of his discourse he was contrasting the inflexible and gentle dispositions of humanity, and used this very apposite comparison: "The sturdy oak, proud monarch of the forest, too stubborn to yield obedience to the storm, is hurled from his lofty position, and his honor prostrated in the dust, while the pliant willow gently bows its head till the storm passes over, and then flies back unhurt." Every heart was ready to admit that it was better to bend than to be broken. In pointing out the Christian how to find relief when likely to be overwhelmed with difficulty, he introduced this illustration: "An innocent dove caught in a storm was driven from bough to bough, but finding no safety or rest, directed her flight upward, till she found a region of calmness and sunlight, leaving the roaring tempest far beneath. So the Christian, by faith and prayer, flees from the storms of persecution and sorrow to the bosom of Jesus for safety and rest. About that time some felt like exclaiming with David, 'O that I had wings like a dove; for then would I fly away and be at rest. . . I would hasten my escape from the windy storm and tempest.'" Attention never wearied; the vast concourse of people hung upon the lips of the preacher with increasing interest to the last. As he resumed his seat, the standing masses, crowded almost to suffocation, moved toward the door. A request to pause a moment to hear announcements had no effect; they moved on, till some one slipped a notice into the hand of Mr. Summerfield, with a request that he would read it himself. So soon as he rose up the whole moving mass became still, and remained so to the last word, and then moved as before. To possess such influence over multitudes involves a fearful responsibility, of which Mr. Summerfield seemed to be fully conscious.

Having given one specimen of his pulpit exer-

cises, I will now furnish one of his platform demonstrations. There was in Baltimore an association of children called the Juvenile Finleyan Missionary Society, or something like it, whose object was to support the Wyandott and perhaps other Indian missions. I witnessed their anniversary. Seven or eight hundred children were embodied in the center of a large church, surrounded by as many people as the house could contain. Mr. Summerfield was among the orators for the occasion. Not long previous, the friends of Thomas Paine, indignant at the indifferent reception he had met with in the United States, had shipped his remains across the Atlantic. To this fact Mr. Summerfield alluded as follows: "An author of the last century, whose bones, thank God! we have turned out of this country—and I wot not what has become of them—said he had cut down all the trees of Paradise, and if the clergy ever attempted to rear them again, it would be a failure, for he had effectually rooted them out; but the group before us [here waving his hand over the children] is a demonstration that the man is a liar; for here are the scions shooting up all around us in the persons of these juvenile disciples." After commending the object of their society and exhorting to persevere, he suggested that the Church had hope in her children, and that it was quite possible that some boys then present might become missionaries, and little girls there might become the wives of missionaries. To apprise them of what they might expect in the mission work, he narrated some incidents in the life of a missionary in Ireland, not informing us who the missionary was, but, of course, we understood him to mean himself. One of these incidents I here recite: "The missionary preached in markets, fields, streets, or wherever he could obtain hearers. Worn, fatigued, and hungry, he was invited by a poor peasant into her hovel for rest and refreshment. The good woman, who could not afford for herself a cup of tea from Christmas till doomsday, turned out to borrow or beg a drawing of tea for her strange guest, and commended getting something to refresh him, while he was equally earnest in exhorting her to seek salvation. She was deeply affected. He called her to kneel in prayer. She bowed down promptly, and prayed earnestly, while he was alternately praying for and exhorting her to lay hold on Christ. The noise awoke the babe sleeping on a bed of straw in one corner of the hovel, and lest its cries should divert the attention of the mother from her earnest pleading for mercy, the missionary took it up, and, with soft words, pressed it to his

bosom, In the mean time he discovered that the cake, on which he was dependent for his repast, was burning, and needed turning. Holding the babe with one hand, he adjusted the bread with the other, still praying and exhorting at broken intervals, till the parent was blessed. So the babe was nursed, the cake was turned, the prayers were offered, and the woman got her soul converted." About the time Mr. Summerfield finished this narrative, some of the boys looked as if they were ready to say, "If any more missionaries are needed, here are we, send us!" and some older brethren felt much the same way.

I could readily extend these personal recollections of the young evangelist; but this article is long enough. I will, however, add that, while I would not indorse all the enthusiasm of the people over Mr. Summerfield and his ministry, I record my honest conviction that he was deeply imbued with the spirit of the Gospel, and that he was among the sweetest and most persuasive preachers of the nineteenth century. He died, I believe, in less than two years after I saw him, in 1824. His career was glorious, but short. Like the morning star, that disappears as the sun illuminates the horizon, he was exceeding brilliant for a brief period, then faded away into the light of heaven.

THAT VALENTINE.

BY H. N. BARR.

"RING! ring!" went the door-bell on that snowy morning, and as one missive after another was handed in, great excitement prevailed throughout the establishment of Miss Vaughn; for it was the fourteenth of February, and what school-girl is not in a state of intense excitement on that important day?

At each successive ring young heads were seen peeping over the bannister, while the eager question was put, "For me, Jim, is it for me?" When he grinned an affirmative, what trembling hands were extended to seize it; but all in vain! For Jim had orders to carry them all to Miss Vaughn, our lady Principal, and we almost shivered as we thought of the close scrutiny they must undergo from her, before being delivered to us.

"Just to think! we shan't see one of them till dinner-time; it is too bad!"

"They are *ours*, and she ought to give them to us at once."

"Dear me! it seems as if three o'clock *never* would come to-day!" sighed one and another who were sure they had overheard the welcome words, "For Miss Julia M.," "For Miss Sallie F.," etc.

Three o'clock *did* come at last, and a nice dinner with it; but the turkey and oysters were matters of indifference to us compared with the valentines that we knew were to be distributed while the table was being changed. How little Kate C. blushed when Miss Vaughn drew forth a billet, in a scrawling, school-boy hand, and asked her if she knew who that was for. As she devoured "the verses" inside, smiles and tears were contending for the mastery in her face. That *boy lover*! Can any chapter of her woman's history unfold a more precious secret than that little episode of her girlhood? Has she never—from curling mustache and honeyed words of some *tall* gentleman—permitted her thoughts to stray back to the past, with the half-undefined feeling that somehow little Tommy N. seemed to meet her heart wants better than any one else had ever done, or that if Tommy N. had only lived he would have been a better, truer lover than any one else? Dear, affectionate little Kate! But there were blushes that day on other cheeks than hers. Other young hearts beat happily on reading the poetical effusions of their admirers, and unconsciously indulged bright day-dreams of—what is ever uppermost in woman's heart—a home of her, own where she presides the queen and the idol of some manly heart.

How adroitly Nelly Tyng managed to conceal from the teachers the elegant ring which her missive contained! And how amused we all were at the cathedral-like air with which Blanche Vernet received a splendid valentine, while the only emotion the writer's passionate expressions of admiration excited spent itself in the exclamation, "The impertinent puppy! how dare he *presume* to write to *me*?" But few valentines ever stirred the fountains of feeling from their inmost depths as did the one that day received by Mrs. Morton, our favorite teacher. It was evident that she was making vigorous efforts to appear calm; yet her agitation was only too apparent, and was all the more startling from contrast with her usual quiet demeanor. She rose from table and hastily sought her own room, and for that day we saw no more of her.

"What could have been in Mrs. Morton's valentine that made her feel so badly?" said one and another of the girls, as we sat in the early twilight, shaping out bright fancies in the glowing fire, or shadows in the darkening streets.

"She always feels dreadfully on this day, young ladies," said Biddy, who had come in to close the blinds and light the lamps. "There's something in the coming of it that always makes her *uneasy* like. For two or three days before she looks

troubled, and can't sleep or eat; and last night the poor lady never pressed her bed at all."

"Why, Biddy!"

"An' it's true; her bed was never the least bit tumbled; and it's my opinion that she walked up and down the room all night, like a ghost that could not rest. She's had some trouble that this day reminds her of, that is certain."

Well might Bridget say she must have had some trouble of which St. Valentine's day reminded her, and as she sits in her own room at Miss Vaughn's, reading over that letter, and then, as buried in thought, unconsciously crushing it in her hands, let us glance backward and see her as she was this day twelve years ago. The girl of eighteen then sat with her head resting on her clasped hands, while her whole frame was convulsed by such sorrow as comes to woman's heart but once in a lifetime. A note lay beside her, couched in cold and measured terms, telling her that the writer would no longer stand in the way of her happiness, and bidding her an eternal farewell.

"What does it mean? What can he mean? Surely he is not in earnest!"

"What ails *ma belle* cousin?" asked a young lady, four or five years older than Emily.

"Read that!" was the husky answer.

"Well!" she said, after glancing over the note, every word of which was burned into the brain of poor Emily.

"What can it mean?"

"Mean? Why, that all men are alike fickle! He has evidently changed his mind, and concluded that he can fancy somebody else better than your own dear little self, and so he pretends to have suddenly discovered that it is for your happiness to knock down all the hopes and expectations he has led you to form! And see how he *glorifies* himself in doing it! What a noble hero he would make himself appear in thus jilting you!"

"O, Eliza, don't talk so!" moaned Emily. "There must be some mistake—some—"

"Why, you know his writing, do you not?"

"O, yes, it is his *handwriting*, but his *heart* has not dictated these lines. There has been some misunderstanding, or something. I must see him."

"See him! Seek an interview with the man who has jilted you? I thought you had more womanly pride than that. Would you try to wile him back to you, when he prefers another? Or would you, with true womanly dignity, treat him with the cool contempt he deserves, and never let him triumph over you by suspecting the deep hold he

had upon your heart? No man should ever boast that he had wounded me through my affections. Though I should die in trying to conceal such a wound, *I would* conceal it, and make him fancy that he had deceived himself in thinking he was making a dupe of me."

Thus counseled, what could Emily do but bow to her fate and yield up the brightest fancies and fondest dreams of her young life? But the struggle that it cost her might be read in her pale face and heavy eye. Till then she had been the most joyous, light-hearted bird in existence, and had you seen her on the morning of the 12th—just two days before St. Valentine's day—as she stood at the door, her long riding-skirt gathered up in one of her tiny hands, while the other toyed with her whip—had you observed her face then, as, with "fitting blush and downcast eye," she listened to some compliment from Mr. Neal on the becomingness of her riding costume, and then the earnest words which followed, you would have predicted a bright future for her. As the finely kept horses were brought round, and the rest of the party joined them, Emily was so happy in the consciousness of possessing the love of Mr. Neal, that she could pity and be kind to one who had almost persecuted her in his vain attempts to win her. And when, after that wild, exciting gallop, they dismounted and climbed a ledge of rocks to obtain a view of the surrounding country, she permitted Mr. Morton to guide her, she did not dream that any one overheard their conversation, still less would grossly misrepresent it; so she was quite unprepared for the strange valentine which released her from her engagement. A fit of illness followed, which left her as weak as an infant, and for a long time after she was just in that state of mind when one yields *passively* to the suggestions of friends. Then came one trouble and another in the family, and when her father, totally unsuspecting of the past, laid before his daughter the offer of Mr. Morton's hand as the only means of saving him from disgrace and ruin, she made the sacrifice, scarcely conscious of what she was doing.

O, that marriage! She did not realize how, like an iceberg, it had frozen up her soul, till she was *shocked* into consciousness by the feeling of relief she experienced when told that he was dead. It was on St. Valentine's day that she followed his remains to the grave, and a strange evening was that spent in her solitary home forming plans for the future, and reproaching herself because she stepped more lightly and breathed more freely than she had done for five years. Yet, with all her self-reproach, she was unable to

check the consciousness that she rejoiced in feeling herself *free*! It was very *wicked*, no doubt, and many good people will shake their heads, and say she deserved to be visited with some sore judgment for her sin; but those *few* who have felt the galling pressure of a union where congeniality and sympathy are wanting, can understand what *freedom* means, and can at least make this allowance for her, "Well, if it is wrong to feel so, it's natural, and she couldn't very well help it!"

Now that she was aroused from her mental torpor, she felt that only a life of *active usefulness* could render her happy. So she associated herself with her old friend, Miss Vaughn, and set herself to work among the young minds of that establishment; so gently and lovingly straightening up some crooked propensity in one, clipping off superfluous leaves that only hindered the healthful development of the whole plant in another, and so training up to the sunny trellis of self-reliance those timid ones who sought to conceal their buds of talent in the shadow of surrounding leaves, and teaching every one to place an *uncovering* trust in "our Father who art in heaven," that all hearts blessed her, and the school prospered as it had never done before.

But the coming of that valentine—how it broke in upon her peaceful life, and upon *ours*, too!

If I am not mistaken, it ran thus:

"MY DEAR EMILY,—You will be surprised, and I fear displeased, at receiving any thing from one so unworthy as I have been, but that I have a communication to make to you from one whose eyes I have just closed in death will, I trust, insure this a patient perusal.

"Your cousin Eliza sent for me when she felt herself to be dying, and sought to lighten the remorse which tortured her last hours by confessing that she had acted a double part, and wrought misery for both you and me. I did not know, before, that the same piece of intelligence could render me very happy, and yet plunge me into despair and self-reproach. She told me that you *did love me once*, and that it cost you exquisite pain to part. Could I but have guessed this, how happy I might have been! What would I not give to be able to recall the two notes sent you after that fatal ride! She first insinuated to me that you would have preferred another, and so misrepresented a conversation you held with Mr. Morton on the rocks, that I fancied you considered your engagement to me irksome.

"I wrote, stating my fears, and imploring you to reply to me if they were groundless, but telling you that if my conjectures were correct, *silence*

on your part would be all that was necessary to confirm me. That note, on which *my* happiness, at least, depended, I was afraid to trust to *less careful* hands than those of your cousin Eliza. On her death-bed she implored our forgiveness for never having informed you of its existence. Her *motives* for this treacherous part need not now be mentioned. It was *hard* to forgive her; but it was still harder to *forgive myself* for having been so easily duped. As I hope for pardon and for restoration to your favor, I sought to soothe your dying cousin with assurances of our forgiveness.

"And now, I most earnestly entreat you to forget the past, and to restore me to your favor. If you loved me once, will you not try to love me again? I shall come very soon. Do not refuse to see me, and if you will only permit me to prove to you in the future how devotedly I loved you in the past, and how I have ever enshrined your image in my heart of hearts, you will render me more happy than I ever expected to be in this life!

"Hoping that you will not close either your door or your heart against me, I am,

Your sincere friend, EDWIN NEAL."

Reader, he came; and it was not in any woman's nature to close her heart against such love as his. So he bore away our teacher, and we never had as good a one again. For she had not been forced to the labor of teaching for the sake of a support, but had assumed it that she might do good, and in all her intercourse with us, her sincere love for us and her earnest desire to work out our highest good were so apparent that, however much we might murmur at the restrictions of other teachers, we submitted cheerfully to hers. And in the light of eternity she will recognize with pleasure lines graven upon youthful hearts by her delicate hand, during those six years of school labor.

THE MESSAGE OF DIVINE MERCY.

THE message of Divine mercy reaches man in his fallen and helpless state; it provides an infinite and all-sufficient remedy, and in proportion to the depth of human misery is the greatness of the deliverance; but salvation is a divine gift, free and unbought, except by the costly sacrifice of the Son of God—a price so great that it is sufficient—so ample, that any other might well be considered an insult to Divine justice. And the object of the Gospel is to present this truth in its simplicity and power, purifying the heart by filling it with Divine love.

OCTOBER.

BY MARY E. WILCOX.

It was a mild October day, most beautiful and still;
A smoky mist lay in the vale and brooded on the hill;
The sunshine through the hazy air sent down its warm
caress,
And all the wide-spread forests wore their autumn gor-
geousness.

That day to the dim old woods we went, a laughing
squadron, forth,
And the lofty arches echoed with our free and unchecked
mirth,
As we gathered chestnuts where they lay, all scattered up
and down,
Half hiding in the fallen leaves their dark and glossy
brown.

The morn before with silver frost the fields had glittered
white;
The night before a rushing wind had swept the woods all
night;
The frost had oped the close-locked burs that held the
chestnuts fast;
And the wind from their unfolded cells had swept them
as it passed.

But now the winds were hushed and still, the skies were
fair and blue;
The Old Year's pulses seemed to thrill with their young
life anew.
O, never will the happiness and beauty of that day—
That long, sweet smile on Nature's face—fade from my
heart away.

The crow's loud call rang through the woods in all those
pleasant hours,
And bees were faintly humming round the last pale aster
flowers,
And squirrels far above our heads were chattering in
glee,
But none of all those merry things was merrier than we.
The soft brown of the chestnut-tree was pleasant to be-
hold,
And the maple wore a gorgeous dress of scarlet and of
gold.
The hemlock and the pine were clad in dark, unchanging
green,
And the ash in royal purple, like a stately forest queen.

We went where sumachs glowed like fire upon the forest's
edge,
Where the ivy's crimson drapery festooned each rocky
ledge,
Where the butternut upreared its limbs, already bare
and gray,
And the stream, half choked with yellow leaves, went
struggling on its way.

Far through the woodland's openings we saw the mead-
ows brown,
As gayly through the winding paths we wandered up and
down,
Until the soft, gray twilight sank and settled on the hill,
And shadows, mingled with the haze, grew deep and
deeper still.

But o'er the changeful earth since then have four Octo-
bers passed;

Four times the forests to the ground their withered leaves
have cast:

Four years, like swift-succeeding waves, have come and
gone since then,
And I went forth alone to-day, and trod those paths
again.

No change was there; the maple still glowed with its
scarlet hue;

Still in the sunny places stood the late-flowered aster
blue.

The winding paths, the ivied rocks, were all the same to-
day,

And strewn among the fallen leaves the dark-brown
chestnuts lay.

But I missed the tones that through the woods in silvery
laughter rang,

And steps that o'er the rustling leaves in bounding fleet-
ness sprang.

Naught broke the silence there to-day, save my own
echoing tread,

And my thoughts were Aith the long-estranged, the ab-
sent, and the dead.

Alas! the change that round our paths four fleeting years
can bring!

The thorns that by life's wayside in so brief a time can
spring!

The joys that turn so soon to griefs, cold, desolating,
strange!

O, for the sky that fears no cloud, the world that knows
no change!

WHO KNOWETH THE HEART?

BY AMANDA T. JONES.

O, oft are we told of warriors bold,
Who led with a look the yielding throng;
And the mournful fate of the good and great
Is chanted in many a funeral song.

And over the grave of the buried brave
The costly monument rears its head,
While statesmen tell how he fought and fell,
And nations honor the glorious dead.

And oft do we read of their terrible need,
Who writhe under poverty's keenest smart;
And the rich grow pale at the sorrowful tale;
But who hath written the LIFE OF THE HEART?

O, who can tell if the heart's dark cell
Is thrilling with pleasure, or throbbing with pain?
For the glance will be gay when its hopes steal away,
All silent and slow, like a funeral train.

Who knoweth the theme of the heart's fond dream
In the lingering twilight, holy and still?
Who counteth its tears, and telleth its fears,
When sorrow broods over it, heavy and chill?

O, the world hath no part in the life of the heart!
Unmarked are its conflicts, unheeded its woes;
It dwelleth alone, its conquests unknown,
And its deep wells of feeling, ah! who shall disclose?

Though the care-laden breast may be dark with unrest,
In its pride and its anguish it throbbeeth apart;
The glance may be bright when it dwelleth in night;
And God alone knoweth the life of the heart.

FIRST ATTEMPT TO ASCEND THE VOLCANIC MOUNTAIN, ISALCO.

FROM THE GERMAN OF DR. MORRITZ WAGNER.

BY PROFESSOR E. H. NADAL.

ISALCO, in the state of San Salvador, is the only one among the active volcanoes of our planet that has been in a state of *permanent irruption* during the last hundred years. In all other burning mountains, even the most powerful of Java and the South Sea Islands, there is an alternation between activity and repose. Isalco, moreover, has this circumstance in common with Jurullo in Mexico, which has been made famous by Humboldt's classical description; namely, that it has come into existence in historical times, and is not more than a century old. The fathers of the present inhabitants of its neighborhood saw its beginning. The oldest men of the present generation knew it when it was a little hill; they have seen it grow under their eyes. Their fathers have often told them the wonderful, frightful story, how, in the midst of a green plateau, covered with forest and meadow, where formerly stood a little hacienda, the ground opened with violent shaking, and dross, ashes, and vapor, accompanied by a fearful roaring, proceeded from the abyss, and the whole region, for many leagues around, was darkened with a rain of ashes, through which trembled the light of the lava and cinders. When, after a few days, the darkness passed away and the irruption became weaker, a little hill was seen, which, by the constantly flowing streams of lava, and the upheaved dross, gradually grew to be a real mountain.

In the course of the next ten years, the powerful paroxysms of the great irruptions softened down to the ordinary play of a moderate activity, such as is exhibited by Stromboli, many volcanoes of the South Sea Islands, and even by *Ætna* and *Vesuvius*. Since the birthday of Isalco, which is included in the second half of the last century, this activity has not been suspended for a single day. In the geological manuals Isalco has as yet scarcely been mentioned. Our great investigator, Humboldt, was not permitted, in his American travels, to visit the isthmus states of Central America, where the volcanic phenomena are grander than even in the highlands of Quito; and as to the fire-mountains of San Salvador in particular, they have never been visited and described, either by a geologist or a traveling investigator. Even Bailly and Squier only saw Isalco from Sonsonante, in the distance; they did not visit the mountain itself.

The distance of Isalco from this village and

from the Pacific coast, is a moderate day's journey. The majestic play of its perpetual fire-works can be seen in great beauty even from the neighborhood of Sonsonante, which, in the gorgeous glow of its tropical vegetation, among its groups of cocoa and mango trees, possesses one of the most charming situations of all the towns of Central America.

The wish to visit Isalco, to have a near view of this yet undescribed volcano, and, if possible, to ascend it, were among the principal motives of my journey to San Salvador. My misfortunes, in consequence of the earthquake of the 16th of April, 1854, which destroyed the capital of this republic, burying my property and my *collections* beneath its ruins, and a long-continued fever which greatly enfeebled my health, had very much delayed my visit to Sonsonante. At last, however, my bodily strength returned, and with it fresh courage and love of travel; and on the 9th of May, 1854, I left the Hacienda Tepeyagua, where I had been so hospitably entertained in the house of the brothers Bogen, from Königsberg, and, passing through forests and defiles over the beautiful, elevated valley of Santa Teola, selected as the site of the new capital, arrived at Sonsonante after three short days' travel.

In the house of a physician, who was also a half Indian, I received some compensation for what I had endured, and on the first evening after leaving the village, under a tolerably clear sky, enjoyed the wonderfully beautiful spectacle of the fire-darting Isalco, over whose south-western slope were streaming three broad currents of lava.

I had before seen these glittering bands of fire on other volcanic cones, especially and often on *Vesuvius*; but there, under ordinary activity, they were not so broad and powerful. Even upon *Ætna* and the volcanoes of Iceland, such powerful streams of lava are only seen during the greater irruptions. Here, also, the irruptive play of the crater, with its whirling vapors—"the *Girandola*," with its high, soaring rockets, is incomparably more powerful and splendid than I ever saw on the summit of *Vesuvius*, while viewing it from Naples, although the distance between Isalco and Sonsonante is three times as great as that between Naples and *Vesuvius*. The spectacle was repeated every evening. The seigniors of Sonsonante, to whom I had letters, and who often accompanied me in my evening walks, were greatly astonished that this volcanic picture should impress me so powerfully, and hold me, as it did, for hours, as if chained to the spot. They had been, from childhood, accustomed to the fire-spouting Isalco as we are to the ever-changing

face of the moon. By constant familiarity and daily repetition the most glorious sights at length lose their charm.

Having provided myself with letters of introduction, on the 14th of May I started for the large Indian village of Isalco, lying about five Spanish miles from the volcano. The Judge, Don Marcellino Valdez, a Spanish creole, who is one of the richest freeholders of the village, hospitably entertained me that night, and procured for me two Indians well acquainted with the roads as guides. He was also kind enough to have the oldest man of the place brought to me, who still possessed the full power of memory. Francisco Castillo was already in his eighty-fifth year, and with his long beard and silver hair, was still a handsome, cheerful old man. His carriage was erect and almost imposing, and he still continued, even barefooted and in his shirt-sleeves, to walk about with great vigor. Even in the hot, elevated regions of the tropics, with poverty and indifferent food, a man may reach a good old age, provided, like old Castillo, he has had the good fortune to spring from a healthy family and to live temperately and naturally, and with but little labor of the brain. This old man, who spoke perfectly pure Spanish, I visited repeatedly after my return from Isalco, and the information obtained from him concerning the life-history of the volcano, which was only a few years older than himself, I will record at the conclusion of this sketch.

In company with my two tawny guides, who traveled afoot, I left the Indian village at day-break. The young and powerful mule on which I was mounted went slowly but surely on her way, no matter whether the path led over wooded slopes, little open savannas, or fields of lava. On account of the lava-streams, I found it impossible to go to Isalco by a direct route, and was compelled to go round it from the north-east so as first to reach its neighbor, Cerro Chino, by which it is commanded. Our path, at first, led by a moderate ascent, through a forest, superabounding with luxuriant tropical plants, and where especially the undergrowth of this particular season of the year exhibited a rich and gorgeous bloom. The green parrots, which were very numerous, had begun their morning flight, and the red arrose gracefully rocked itself to and fro on the top of the mimosa, crying and scolding all the while it rocked.

Leaving the forest, we came to an older lava-stream whose further side had been dissolved by the weather, and which appeared to have proceeded, not from Isalco, but from some side open-

ing of Cerro Chino, or some other long-extinguished neighboring volcano.

The cry of the birds, as usual, was not heard during the heat of midday. The stillness of the forests and savannas was, however, interrupted by the powerful roar of the volcano, which we were now rapidly approaching. In the afternoon we rode three hours through a forest which, in the higher portions, gradually lost the characteristic tropical vegetation, and, with its prevailing oak and fir of rather peculiar appearance, showed, indeed, the ordinary physiognomy of the higher regions of the Andes. At last we watched a beautiful, open plateau, where the forest had been cleared. Seven huts, scattered about among the cornfields and meadows, with straw roofs and open sides, were inhabited by Indian families, who worked the soil in the pay of Don Lorenzo, the proprietor of this mountain hacienda. The proprietor was absent, and was not expected till evening. The hut which he himself occupied was not much better than those of his tawny laborers; and when one is brought suddenly from the sultry atmosphere of Sonsonante into a region five thousand feet above the sea-level, he can not but sensibly feel the chilliness of the evenings and nights, even where the temperature never falls lower than ten degrees above zero. I could earnestly have wished for this open hut those solid walls which I would so gladly have missed in the hot regions of the coast. My reception by the Indians was not exactly hospitable. This desirable trait of character does not belong to the dreamy and melancholy native races of America. Still they opened their patron's hut without opposition, and gave me for supper a share of what they themselves were eating—corn tortillas, beans, and cooked bananas. Meat they did not eat, and had not so much as a gun to shoot the deer and wood-hens, which the hunter, who would give himself the trouble to stand and watch in edge of the forest during the twilight, could hardly fail to secure. During my ride through the forest I had shot only a few wild pigeons, whose tender flesh, however, served to season the frugal meal. After a brief rest, during which the guides slept and the mules grazed, we devoted the closing hours of the day to an excursion in the neighborhood.

Cerro Chino, like her more southern neighbor, Isalco, was a true volcano. The period of its activity, however, judging from the complete decay of the surface of its lava, must date back several thousand years, while its cones, which proceed in a semi-circle in the direction of Apon-ea, are certainly of much later date, and prob-

ably the immediate predecessors of Isalco, whose first eruption only took place when the other chimneys connected with this great volcanic hearth had been closed up. The base of the volcanic plateau, on which the hacienda of Don Lorenzo, with its meadows and cornfields, stood, was of doleritic lava of a grayish black color, full of blisters and little crystals of vitreous feldspar. Only occasional compact lumps of lava showed themselves above the vegetable covering of the forest and the mountain meadows.

The summit of Cerro Chino rises above Isalco more than a thousand feet. The distance of the plateau on which I stood, from the crater of Isalco, was, in a straight line, not more than half a league. With the spy-glass, and in a tolerably clear atmosphere, I could see not only the naked, confused mass of the cone of dross, and the rim and the walls of the summit-crater, but could also observe the bursting forth of the dross, attended with the most fearful sounds. These discharges, which, on this day, were less frequent than usual, were also proportionately more violent. The strongest of these eruptive salvos—generally the fifth, after four feebler ones—threw their projectiles to the height of, perhaps, a thousand feet. The fiery glow of the dross could not be seen by daylight; all appeared dark. But when the sun went down, and Isalco and its surroundings were enveloped in the shadows of the night, the glare of the ejected matter, already clearly visible through the smoke, toward nine o'clock in the evening reached the full sublimity of its fiery play. The lava-streams of the volcano, however, were not visible from my position, because they flowed in an opposite direction. Don Lorenzo, a respectable creole, almost seventy years old, reached the hut late in the evening, and gave me a courteous greeting. He was not educated, but yet he chatted pretty well, and gave me intelligent answers to all my questions concerning the people and the country, and especially respecting Isalco. Inasmuch, also, as I had brought with me no hammock, he gave me the privilege of a bed made of thin branches of trees, and covered with an ox-hide. That night I slept but little, not so much because my bed was hard as because I was restless. I left the hut repeatedly, and wandered about in the starlight without. My two guides, Don Lorenzo, and the whole Indian kinship of the neighboring huts, snored away, meantime, on their ox-hides with unmitigated heartiness, and did not allow themselves to be awakened even by the most violent thunder-peals of the volcano. After midnight something strange appeared to be going forward on Isalco.

Instead of the thunder-like detonations it sent forth a *continued* noise, sometimes dull and crashing, sometimes roaring, which reminded me of the night-roar of Niagara. Upon this followed a perfect silence of nearly two hours, which was suddenly broken by an uncommonly violent, thunder-like discharge. A splendid display of fire-works illuminated the night, the glowing projectiles flew whizzing far up into the glittering, blue, tropical sky, and then returned with a terrible crash, some into the crater, and some upon the declivities of the cone. This indescribably beautiful spectacle was several times repeated. Then came a longer pause, continuing till the mists of the morning, mingling with the vapor-clouds from the volcano, inwrapped the entire cone.

At day-break I discharged my gun to awaken my guides. The old creole who had promised to accompany me part of the way, was first on his feet, and was soon heard giving his orders. The stupid Indians stirred the fire; the women made ready the dough for tortillas, and Don Lorenzo prepared the coffee, while my guides were bringing the mules from the meadow, and saddling them. The morning was cool and damp, and reminded me of the summer mornings I had passed in the huts of the cow-keepers in the Tyrolese and Swiss mountains—the same show of battle between the morning sun and the mist, the same rich dew-pearls on the flowers of the meadow, the same spectral forms in the clouds, which came and went without the beholder being able to say when or how. Still, however, the air here was incomparably softer, milder, and lovelier than in the Alps of Europe, even during the most beautiful, early hours of the month of July. That flower aroma, which is only yielded by a tropical forest, was richly mingled with the atmosphere of these elevated regions. Besides this, birds of manifold notes poured forth music from the trees and bushes. For, although intolerable screechers and chirpers, especially among the climbing birds, made up the greater part, still individual melodious singers were not wanting. We did not hear, however, the voice of the Cilegro, the Orpheus among the forest singers of the Cordilleras. This height was, perhaps, not sufficiently cool for him. He loves the regions of six thousand and seven thousand feet above the sea-level, and is seldom seen in less elevated places.

The master of the hut had prepared the coffee, and Rafaela, a half-naked Indian girl of sixteen years old, brought me the steaming cup. The deep black, waving hair, a tolerably pretty, though melancholy face, and a well-formed person, made

the dusky Hebe quite sufficiently interesting to invite one to a conversation. Still, Rafaela, like most of the Indian maidens, was somewhat shy, and avoided the questions, which her greasy, ugly mother answered for her. Whoever has had much intercourse with Indians, soon gives up questioning, because but little is to be obtained from a people so shy and dreamy, and withal so sparing of words. The harvest of conversation never corresponds with the pains necessary to be taken in order to get an Indian to talk. Rafaela had three older sisters, Tomasa, Julia, and Mary. The youngest sister, a little girl, was sick, and lay sleeping in the eldest sister's arms, who was gently rocking her. The type of the Indian of Central America, was most distinctly exhibited in this family—smooth, rich, coal-black, and yet lusterless hair, growing far down upon the forehead; the dark-brown eyes, reminding the observer of the Mongolian race, are somewhat crossed, and narrowed toward the root of the nose. The nose itself, as among all the native tribes with whom I met in Central America, has an ignoble shape; it is strongly pressed in, and has large nostrils. The lips protrude strongly, the teeth are white as ivory, but not well formed; but the cheek-bones are only moderately high. Among the females the bosom develops very fully as soon as they reach the marriageable age, and is too full and luxurious to be attractive.

The coffee had been sipped, the tortillas consumed, and the Indian cabin-life and family characteristics of Cerro Chino inspected to weariness. One mule stood saddled, another well packed. With Don Lorenzo ahead, I rode over the plateau down toward the wooded ravine which separates Cerro Chino from Isalco. I continued to ride for about an hour, after which, on account of the increasing denseness of the vegetation and the steepness of the declivities, I was obliged to dismount and take it afoot. The good-natured old creole left me, though not till he had pointed out to the Indians the exact direction they were to take in order to cut the "pecatura" through the untrodden forest. To me he recommended caution, and wished me good luck, if I should entirely succeed in reaching the infernal pool, of which no human being had yet had a near view.

The "pecatura," which is cut with the hatchet through this pathless forest, serves less to lighten the labor of getting through, than to assist in finding the way back. Nothing can give one a more desolate feeling than to be wandering about in these forests. The wonder produced by the beauty all around somewhat softens the feeling of helplessness and horror resulting from the un-

known dangers which lurk under the verdure of innumerable plants. The high India-rubber boots had been left behind in the hut, and instead of these I wore low shoes, better, indeed, for climbing the mountains, but no protection against the snakes. Without long hunting boots, reaching at least to the knees, it is impossible here to get through the bushes without danger. The little coral snakes, the larger vipers, the southern rattlesnakes, more beautifully marked than the North American species, the several species of the trigonocephalus, generally lie coiled on the ground, in the dampest parts of the thicket. They are too dull to volunteer an attack, but bite most fiercely upon the slightest disturbance.

The depths of the ravine, where the Cerro Chino slope, rich in vegetation, and the desolate, plantless, ashy cone of Isalco, come together, were finally reached without disaster. The contrast between these two mountains can not be too strikingly drawn. A lava-stream, gray, drossy, perfectly bare and hard, not yet affected by the weather, following the inclination of the surface, had rolled into the valley at the northern foot of the cone. That part of the forest which the lava had overflowed, was perfectly burned and wasted, and the fertile ground, formerly adorned by the most charming organisms, was converted into a mass of stone. Along the margin of the lava, however, on the slopes, grew the most luxuriant forest bushes and mountain meadow herbs, exhibiting that swelling and glittering verdure, which, especially at the beginning of the rainy season, lends such an inexpressible charm to the higher regions of Central America.

Here we encamped on the extremest edge of the forest, close to the foot of Isalco. The elder Indian, Jose, had succeeded in bringing the two mules down into the ravine, by a far round-about, but much less steep route. Still, he could not lead them entirely to our bivouac, but tied them about a quarter of a league above with a long rope, by the legs. The younger Indian was induced, by the promise of good pay, to accompany me on my first visit to the volcano. I did not let him know that I intended to press my way up to the crater itself, because I knew well the terror among the natives of this "inferno."

More than two hours we two climbed on over the rough surfaces of the lava-stream, which, to the point where it touches the Cerro Chino, flows to the north, and then, following the deepening of the ravine, turns more to the east. The color of the doleritic lava of Isalco is a grayish black, frequently tinged with a yellowish red oxyd of iron. The surface of the great masses of lava

was, in places, covered with slight cryptogamia, the first show of vegetation. Through these lichens the stone assumes a greenish white color, especially in the holes and hollows, when the rain-water can remain a long time and the decay proceeds rapidly.

In many places the lava-stream was partly covered with cinders, which made the ascent much more difficult, and on account of these capilli, with their sharp edges, very destructive of leather shoes. The Isalco lava somewhat resembles the later lavas of *Ætna* and *Vesuvius*. It is chiefly basaltic and doleritic, very drossy and full of blisters, with but few crystalloids. The refuse thrown out, on the contrary, contains many crystals of lencite, augite, etc.

At half the height of the cone, which we reached after the most painful climbing, we found upon the lava-stream a mass of rock whose weight could scarcely have been any less than twenty-five hundred tons. It was a porphyritic-trachyte, full of little crystalloids of glassy feldspar. Judging from appearances, this tremendous mass must once have belonged to the compact stone of the plateau-ground which Isalco pierced and rent asunder when it opened its crater. During one of the stronger outbursts it was probably hurled out of the irruptive crater itself. We also found fragments of this same stone further up, but they were not so large.

The summit of the volcano again covered itself with clouds, and withdrew from the view. The attempt to ascend on this day would have had favorable chances throughout, as the explosions only followed at intervals of one to two hours, during which the cone smoked but little and was entirely noiseless. These long pauses are very rare at Isalco; and indeed are always followed by more energetic outbursts. But, alas! the mist settled even upon the lower slopes of the volcano, and resolutely remained there the whole day. To go further was, for the present, not to be thought of. We were compelled to content ourselves with this reconnaissance, and return to our place of encampment, which afforded my dusky guide no little gratification, not only because his shoes were torn to pieces by the sharp edges of the lava, but mainly on account of his dread of the awful, infernal pit, whose roaring we now heard much more distinctly than on Cerro Chino. Indeed, his alarm had increased, in the gloomy atmosphere, to such an extent, that he seemed to think that Satan already had him in his power.

The night bivouac was more pleasant in the ravine than it had been on the cool heights of Cerro Chino. We spread our bed-clothes on the

ground among the forest trees, and were not without apprehension of a night visit from the serpents. Indeed, the jaguar is found in these mountains in great numbers; but they do not venture near the foot of Isalco, whose roar and discharges of dross are distasteful to the fiercest beasts of prey. Among the night voices of animals I heard neither the cry of the large cat, nor the bass tones of the crying ape. Even the sad notes of the night-birds were weaker and much less frequent than on Cerro Chino. On the other hand, the earliest dawn was greeted by innumerable voices of little cooing doves, of the various species of the southern thrush, and especially of the garrulous parrots.

At day-break I left my place of lodging, and, armed with nothing but my geognostical hammer, started alone for the volcano. I was firmly resolved to ascend as far as the condition of the upper dross cone, with the utmost exertion of physical strength, would possibly allow, and even to bid defiance to the danger of volcanic explosions. The atmosphere was less misty than on the day before, and the top, as also the sides, of the volcano, were, for hours together, free from clouds. The pauses between the explosions were of two or three hours' continuance—a very rare phenomenon at Isalco, where an irruption of dross generally occurs at intervals of nine to fifteen minutes. Another favorable circumstance was, that a strong north-east wind was bearing the vapor, as also the dross, in a direction opposite to Cerro Chino. I hoped during one of these pauses to be able to reach the margin of the crater. Alas! I deceived myself. After proceeding several hours on the lava-stream, I reached the steep slope of the cone, covered with lapilli and volcanic ashes. The difficulties increased as I ascended. At every step I sunk in the ashes to the knee, often to the body. In steep places I often slipped back ten steps, after I had made one in advance. At an elevation of about four hundred feet below the edge of the crater, I already sensibly felt the heat under my feet. None of the burning mountains which I have visited and ascended in Italy, in Armenia, in Asia Minor, and later in Nicaragua and Guatemala, can for a moment be compared with Isalco, in respect of the labor and danger of ascent.

After indescribable hardships, scarcely three hundred feet below the rim of the crater, I came to a block of trachyte, in a petrographical point of view, precisely similar to the colossal mass which I had seen the day before; like it, also, it had been thrown there by the volcano. Here I rested—my strength was on the wane, and the

day was advanced. The volcanic desert around me presented a most awful picture—a desolate chaos of hardened dross above and below me. From this elevated position I was able to make a tolerably exact inspection of the most northern edge of the crater. It was very much torn and indented; its color in general was dark, with occasional reddish and brimstone-colored spots, very much like the upper parts of the volcano De Fuego in Guatemala. Seen in the distance, its contour resembled the battlements of a knightly castle. South-westerly from this edge of the crater rose a cone of ashes which, forming in the crater of Isalco, had overtopped its walls, and appeared likely to maintain its ephemeral existence till a powerful irruption should destroy it. The lapilli even were entirely destitute of lichens, and at this height, indeed, no trace of vegetation was to be seen. To my astonishment, however, I found several insects, diptera and spiders. They were manifestly brought into these inhospitable regions, by currents of air, without their consent. Humboldt, as is well known, found insects fourteen thousand feet higher, amid the eternal snows of Chimborazo. Excepting these there was no living creature, not even a bird of prey, to be seen on or above the volcano. This spectral stillness, during the rest-pauses of the crater, was not a little in contrast with the joyful note of birds, which I had heard a few hours before at the place of encampment on Cerro Chino.

Isalco had now kept silence for almost three hours; only a thin, whitish vapor-cloud continued to whirl forth. Then suddenly came a dull, subterranean groan—a fearful trembling of the cone. With the most violent roar of thunder I ever heard, frightful showers of glowing cinders suddenly filled the air, and returning, fell, for the most part, on the south-western slope of the cone, though many dropped back into the crater, and a few of the larger ones, in spite of the strong north wind, reached the northern slope where I was standing, and rolled crashing like avalanches down the steep declivity, bearing along with them the ashes and smaller stones.

From all this it is easy enough to see that the ascent of Isalco is by no means without danger to life; and although, by summoning all my powers, I might have taken advantage of the next pause, to reach the very crater itself, still, after this explosion, I considered it advisable to go no further. The thought of being injured on this mountain by a fall or a volcanic discharge—of being rendered incapable of returning, and then perishing with hunger, beyond the reach of help, was too terrible. The feeling of desertion vanquishes the

firmest purpose. With a strong-hearted companion I might, perhaps, have accomplished the ascent; but the Indians could not be persuaded, at any price, to renew the attempt. When I arrived at our place of encampment, with my strength entirely exhausted, and my hands and feet bleeding, I found them both fast asleep.

We spent another night at the foot of the mountain. On the 18th of May the volcano resumed its accustomed activity. The irruptions, following each other in twelve to eighteen minutes, were much less energetic, as were also the intonations. The summit was again enveloped in vapor, and I was compelled to abandon all further effort to ascend, and to make my way back again to the plateau of Cerro Chino and to the village of Isalco.

No written documents concerning the origin of Isalco, are to be found, so far as I know, either in the archives of San Salvador and Sonsonante or in the possession of private citizens. We are entirely dependent on the oral accounts of the oldest inhabitants of the neighborhood. These, as I have mentioned above, were not eye-witnesses of the origin and earliest irruptions, but they still remembered the accounts of this extraordinary catastrophe of nature, given them by their fathers. In their childhood Isalco was an ordinary hill, about five hundred feet high, with a wide mouth, constantly breathing forth fire. Squier, the well-known American traveler, without naming his authorities, has set down the 23d of February, 1770, as the day on which the new crater was opened, and he says that from the end of the preceding year till the day named there was an unceasing trembling of the ground, accompanied with the most frightful noise. This statement is probably untrue. Baily, the British engineer, who, without visiting the volcano, traveled through these regions several years before Squier, could not ascertain the exact date of its origin, although he found in the vicinity a man who was probably older than the mountain.

Old Francisco Castillo, whom I visited repeatedly after my return from Isalco, was born in 1769, and he had known Isalco from the earliest years of his childhood, when, as a mountain, it was very insignificant; and he told me that it then had a wider mouth, that it burned more fiercely and thundered more loudly than at present. His father had often told him, that not far from another conical mountain, which had also borne the name of Isalco, and was regarded as an extinguished volcano, the earth had suddenly opened with a fearful noise, and vomited forth masses upon masses of fiery stones, and clouds of

ashes. There was also a great outflow of *mal pais*, or lava. Of the sudden upheaving of a mountain he knew nothing. Francisco Castillo, with other aged eye-witnesses, asserted in the most decided manner, that the mountain had grown up out of the undulating plain, to its present size by degrees, and simply from its own lava and dross. When a lad, from mere curiosity, he had often gone with his comrades near to the volcano, that he might have a better view of its sublime fire-works. When considerable time had elapsed between any two of his visits, it always appeared to him that the mountain had become larger in the interval. This had been especially the case after *great eruptions*, of which he remembered but three. He could not remember precisely in what years the first two great outbursts took place. The first occurred when he was still a child, and continued three months; the immense column of fire above the crater threw a brilliant light, even by night, over the whole region. The streams of lava flowed more than two leagues in the direction of Santa Anna. About thirty years later the surrounding country was laid waste by another eruption still more powerful. The streams of lava, in this instance, flowed out three leagues from the foot of the volcano, and the showers of ashes extended to the village of Isalco, which was deserted by many of its inhabitants. The last great outburst, remembered also by many other residents of the place, happened in 1802. The fiery column of glowing dross on that occasion reached an extraordinary height. The rain of ashes covered the fields as far as four leagues from the volcano, and the detonations were so violent that the houses in Isalco and Sonsonante trembled to their foundations. The lava ran slowly in an eastern direction, advancing at an average of sixty varas a day, and continuing to flow for more than three months. The *mal pais*—that is, the lava-fields—which resulted from that irruption, are partly bare and partly and poorly clothed with cryptogamia. The fields, which had been covered with volcanic ashes, were not cultivated again for five years, but after that brought the richest harvests.

We also found educated men in Sonsonante—who, as long residents, confirm the fact that Isalco, by means of its lava and other discharges, has risen to its present height. If, at the origin of the volcano, there was a sudden elevation of the surrounding ground, it must have been very slight. For the fact is firmly settled that Isalco, in the first years of its activity, was a mere hill, and that it is now a mountain three thousand, two hundred feet high, and growing every year.

HYMNS TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

BY F. W. GOTOH.

I HAVE been looking with a great deal of interest at German hymns, and have rendered into English some few that particularly struck me. My object was simply to turn the German into English, in such a form that the versions might be sung to the original tunes. I have, therefore, adhered rigidly to the German meters, quaint and peculiar as they are to English ears; indeed, the quaintness is to me somewhat of a charm. It has occurred to me that the interest I have felt in the hymns might be felt to some extent in the translations; I have, therefore, sent you two or three for insertion in the Magazine.

We are so apt, in the present day, to look with some degree of suspicion on all that comes from the Germans, that it is very refreshing to turn to their hymns, characterized as they are by so much simple, pensive, devout piety. In our dread of German *Neology*, we have almost forgotten that it was from German fountains that many of our best hymn-writers of the last century drew their poetic inspiration.

FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY G. W. SACER—BORN 1635, DIED 1699.

Through many changeful morrows
Of anxious pilgrim life,
Through many cares and sorrows,
Through many a bitter strife;
Still onward am I pressing—
The year is passed away,
Thanks, Lord, to thee, and blessing,
In all thou wast my stay.

Thou who hast well provided,
My path I leave to thee,
My Savior, thou hast guided,
My portion still shalt be;
To thee I would surrender
My will, no longer mine;
Be thou my life's defender,
My heart be only thine.

In all things thou wilt bless me,
While to thy will I bow;
Does penury distress me?
My highest good art thou.
Is persecution vexing?
Still, Lord, thou shieldest me.
Is this world's scorn perplexing?
I yield and look to thee.

Do I deserted languish?
Lord! God, thou'rt ever near.
My spirit filled with anguish?
Thou art my comforter.
Does fierce disease befall me?
Submissive I will be.
Dost thou from this world call me?
My life belongs to thee.

Is heaven my habitation?
There I in glory shine;
The final condemnation—
Praise God! that is not mine;
True, if my soul were driven
To darkness, thou wert just,
But thou hast all forgiven,
Through Jesus Christ, my trust.

Whate'er this year may send me,
O, keep me firm and true!
Each day thy grace attend me,
And every morning new.
Old sins and follies leaving,
New strength by thee supplied,
New blessings still receiving,
I trust in thee, my guide!

JESUS.

BY J. A. FREYLINGHAUSEN—BORN 1670, DIED 1739.

Who, as thou, makes blest,
Jesus, sweetest rest!
Choicest good, all good outvying,
Life of sinners, lost and dying,
And their light so blest,
Jesus, sweetest rest!

Life that tasted death
In this world beneath,
Me from dying to deliver,
Of new life to be the giver,
Life in God by faith,
Life that knows no death.

Light ordained for man
Ere the world began,
Then, in flesh thy glory vailing,
Thou didst shine the light unfailing;
Brightness none may scan,
Light revealed to man!

Leader of thine host,
I thy triumphs boast,
Over sin, death, hell, victorious,
Thou didst win salvation glorious,
Thine own blood the cost,
Leader of thine host!

Prophet, Priest, and King,
I my homage bring,
Let thy loving-kindness reach me;
Place me at thy feet, and teach me;
Lowly praise I sing,
Prophet, Priest, and King!

Let thy grace be shown;
Take me for thine own;
Make me see and feel thy glory;
Let my heart burn with the story
Of thy love alone;
Make me all thine own.

Keep me near thy side,
Free from wrath and pride;
Stamp thy lowliness and meekness
On my heart, that in thy weakness,
Meek, I may abide,
Humble at thy side.

Thy good Spirit give,
In him let me live;
Ever watching, ever praying,
Jeyful in thy presence staying;
Love unfeigned give,
In it let me live.

When in trouble's night,
Surging in their might,
Stormy waves are o'er me rolling,
Let thy hand, the storm controlling,
Lead me forth to light
Out of trouble's night.

Make me true and bold,
Firm thy name to hold;
Freely yield my life or treasure,
To thy will give up my pleasure;
Let me ne'er grow cold,
Never lose my hold.

When I shrinking stand,
Touched by death's cold hand,
Through the dreary valley guide me,
'Midst thy saints a place provide me;
Grant that I may stand,
Saved, at thy right hand!

HEAVENWARD.

BY E. SCHMOLK—BORN 1672, DIED 1737.

Heavenward our pathway lies;
In this world we are but strangers,
Onward Canaan's glories rise,
Past the desert and its dangers;
Here we are a pilgrim band,
Yonder is our father-land.

Heavenward, my soul, aspire;
For thou art of heavenly nature.
Wouldst thou fill thy vast desire?
Cling not thou to earthly creature;
They on whom God's glories fall
Seek their great original.

Heavenward! 'tis God's behest,
In his word I hear him speaking,
There he shows the place of rest,
That eternal home I'm seeking;
Let me listen day by day,
So I hold my heavenward way.

Heavenward! my faith from far
Views e'en now the goodly dwelling,
Then beyond sun, moon, and star,
Springs my heart with rapture swelling;
All too dim is nature's light,
That alone is fair and bright.

Heavenward! then death at last
There in my true home shall place me;
All my fears and dangers past,
Robes of triumph there shall grace me;
Christ himself has led the way,
Joyful I his call obey.

Heavenward our pathway lies!
Let the thought abide within us,
So from this world's vanities
Heaven's immortal joys shall win us;
Jesus, lead us by the hand
To the glorious father-land!

PORTFOLIO DOTTINGS.

BY REV. F. S. CASSADY.

DIGNITY AND PRE-EMINENCE OF MAN.

MAN, by virtue of his high intellectual endowments and lofty moral attributes, has been very correctly pronounced "Creation's great masterpiece." He stands, by Divine appointment, at the very head of Nature's vast empire. "Fearfully and wonderfully made," he walks the earth under a full consciousness of the real majesty and moral grandeur of his being. He looks around him, and glances at the varied and multiform existences which move before him in the great panorama of animated nature; but he nowhere meets with any thing like himself. He finds himself an insulated intelligence, standing gloriously by himself. Though in the great mass of life by which he was surrounded, he discovers infallible traces of infinite wisdom and unbounded goodness, yet the manifestations of reason and the evidences of intellect nowhere challenge his observation. He alone is endowed with those lofty moral and intellectual susceptibilities, which mark the pre-eminent dignity of his earthly being and the grandeur of his future destiny. With attributes both binding him to earth and linking him to the skies, the antitheses of his being find in Dr. Young a forcible presentation:

"How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man!
How passing wonder HE who made him such!
Who centered in our make such strange extremes,
From different natures marvelously mixed,
Connection exquisite of distant worlds!
Distinguished link in being's endless chain!
Midway from nothing to the Deity!"

THE GREAT OBJECT OF HUMAN LIFE.

The very fact of man's existence is *prima facie* evidence that his earthly mission comprehends a sublime and holy purpose. God's glory and man's happiness must both concenter in that existence, as suggested and produced by a wisdom that can not err, and a goodness which can not prove unkind. Man is an objectless and designless being, if his life is not one of probation, and his hereafter existence determined by his present character. If, then, this view of the matter accord with reason and revelation, it follows with great certainty that that man's life is a failure, which does not recognize, as its leading design, the glorifying of God and the consecration of the soul to his blessed service.

But how few of earth's sons and daughters, even in the unqualified admission of the truth of this proposition, are found harmonizing and falling in

with the Divine arrangements in regard to life's great end and aim! Men ordinarily live in practical acknowledgment of the idea, that to eat, drink, and be merry is to reach the climacteric of man's earthly destiny. "What shall we eat, what shall we drink, and wherewith shall we be clothed?" is unfortunately the motto of thousands now, as in the days of the Son of man. See to it, fair reader, that your life and conduct recognize no such sentiment; but that, on the other hand, you solve well the great problem of your being. Well and truthfully does the poet Young picture this matter for us:

"We live in deeds, not years, in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial;
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most—feels the noblest—acts the best!"

TENDENCY OF THE HEART TO SELF-DECEPTION.

Sin has a fearfully ruinous and disorganizing effect upon the moral nature of man. By some mysterious law of his being, he can so far contravene the testimony of his senses as literally "to believe a lie and be damned." Such is sin's deadening and blinding influence upon the human heart, that its unconscious subject often fancies it well with him while the vengeance of high Heaven is on the eve of dooming him to everlasting death. So strange and unaccountable is this tendency of the heart to self-delusion, and so profound is "the deceitfulness of sin," that the inspired wise man has said with marked emphasis and precision: "There is a way which seemeth right unto a man; but the end thereof is death." Remember this always.

The history of the apostle Paul, prior to his conversion to Christianity, is a most affecting instance of self-deception. So hardened was he in his wickedness, and such was his devotion to Judaism, that he thought he was doing the service and promoting the glory of God when he was persecuting the infant Church of Christ, and putting to death some of its best saints and brightest lights. Though sincere and conscientious in his opposition to the Redeemer's kingdom, he was, nevertheless, a giant sinner in the estimation of Heaven; yea, even "the chief of sinners," as he himself afterward averred. With such a bitter schooling on the subject, no wonder the faithful Paul thus counseled the immediate subjects of one of his apostolic letters: "Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the spirit, shall of the spirit reap life everlasting."

PLEASURES OF PHILANTHROPY.

BY J. D. BELL.

SOME few men in our world have lived for humanity in the broadest sense. Unwilling to let themselves become absorbed in schemes and interests of a selfish character, they ever aimed to do good to men, because doing good to men is bringing into exercise the greatest and best feelings of the soul.

You have seen streams of water which did but run themselves dry in passing meadows of porous soil. Other streams you have seen which seemed to lose nothing in their long journeys through spongy-bottomed plains, although they watered well the ground over which they meandered, singing forever the simple song of their happy march.

It has pleased me to think that there is a distinction much the same as that I have just named, presenting itself to view in human life. Our race is, by a most natural law of division, separable into two classes. Here are those whose hearts are lost before the thought has even occurred to them of living for mankind as a whole; while there are those whose affections the broad world is not able to exhaust.

We are all of us lovers of men. We differ but in the grasp of our philanthropy. And this is sometimes not a small difference. He who cherishes only his kindred, and friends, and countrymen, loves but narrowly, compared with him whose heart takes in his whole race, as well as certain dear circles of it. The true philanthropist is the man whose spirit is swayed by feelings in the highest degree disinterested and noble. Once let humanity, as a whole, become a man's bosom-burden, and his soul takes rank among the first and best. Who are they whom society estimates above all meanness? Are they not philanthropists? Who are they in whom men are ever most ready to trust for a faithful representation of chosen and precious interests? Are they not philanthropists? These men the very vilest of the human kind do not like to see treated with suspicious coldness, or with careless disparagement. Need I name to you as a truism, that it is not recommendation enough for posts of high responsibility among men, that a person is known to be trustworthy merely in the conjugal relation, or in that of friendship, or in that of patriotism? Men instinctively prefer, for their servants and exponents, such as have proved themselves lovers of man as man. Brutus, drawing the dagger out of Lucretia's side, and swearing, with his mask of assumed insanity, then for

the first time, and for all future time, thrown off, that the innocent, beautiful woman should be avenged of the insult offered her by the ignoble son of Tarquin; and Brutus, dooming that of his own blood which ran in the veins of his two incriminated sons, to be let out, in obedience to a law of his own enacting against conspirators, was but proving himself to be more than a father, and more than a friend, and more than a patriot; he was proving himself to be a man who could stand fast and faithful to the race of man.

Who make the best kings and queens? Who but philanthropists? You must suspend your judgment of Victoria, of Napoleon II, of the Czar of Russia, till you are certain how each of these men would treat man as man. It is not enough to see how they behave in their imperial families—not enough to know them in their confidential attitudes among chosen satellites—not enough to watch the spirit with which they generally control their dominions; you must track them beyond the arena of royalty, where it is so easy for selfish hearts to be kind; and you must follow them on and down into some obscure pathway, and see what estimate they would put upon any poor subject, whose honest blood might be in pain, either from insult or misfortune. For, say what you will, there never yet has been a good ruler, to whom any plain, rugged man, suffering, in private life and in innocence, was no sight to quicken the beat of the bosom, and make the very depths of the soul feel merciful!

Let me now imagine myself to have reached the conclusion, that it is the amount of genuine humanitarianism every man possesses, which determines how far he is capable of being, or will prove to be useful and faithful to men. And right here there gleam out certain great lessons. Just mark a few of them, reader.

For what class of men ought you to cast your vote when you go to the polls? For men, and men only, I say, who have the dispositions of philanthropists. Do not so far stifle the voice of your enlightened soul, as to conceive that he can be a safe President of the United States, or a safe member of Congress, or a safe justice of the peace, or a safe assessor for a town-district, or even a safe postmaster, who is a doubtful friend of his race. What ought every editor to be? A lover of man. What ought every minister to be? A lover of man. What ought every teacher to be? A lover of man. What ought every railroad conductor to be? A lover of man. What ought every agent for a company of stockholders to be? A lover of man. All the good of mankind depends for its protection and increase on

philanthropy; and whatever risk it is ever at, is incurred on account of those who hold humanity only near enough to their hearts to defraud any man, or set of men, when they can make it pay. You and I, however, shall take pleasure in the reflection, that there is always enough of philanthropy among men to keep the race from fire and brimstone. Notwithstanding all the bad works of the agents of wrong—their deceitful works, their unjust works, their bloody works—the good done by the faithful and true lovers of humanity, ever suffices to keep the world moving, surely, though slowly, onward toward that millennium in which philanthropy will be the nobleness of every living man. God bless those generous-hearted heroes, who, in spite of evil and of evil-doers, silently achieve great and good things in religion, in politics, in science, in art, and in literature—those men who yearn after the most distant as well as the nearer portions of their race, with the longings of an unselfish affection—those men who make one nation a means of civilizing another, who form missionary associations and Bible societies, who fit out exploring expeditions, who open in their own country refuges for the oppressed, the downtrodden, the exiled of others—those men who seek out the poor in their obscurity, neglect, and bereavement, to bestow merciful gifts upon them, who are ever ready to afford sweet solace to the sick and the feeble, and to kindly guard against all rude assaults and infringements, the persons and rights of the gentle and guileless. And, indeed, does not God bless all such men?

I will now converse with you about the rewards of philanthropy. And need I say that these rewards contain in them a supernal sweetness? Many, alas! too many there are, who know comparatively nothing of the serene pleasure which accompanies an act of simple kindness. To such it may seem a most insignificant thing to help remove some difficulty from the pathway of a stranger, or to aid him in recovering some darling right of which he may have been rudely dispossessed, or to shed some unsolicited beam of comforting light that shall improve his vista of the future. But others there are—living and noble souls—who regard all these little acts of mercy as blessed and beautiful things. They view them in their true light, as precious to the receiver and joy-bringing to the author of them.

I gazed one morning upon a fair and beautiful flower, as the pellucid dew-drop sparkled in its blushing bosom. It was full of freshness and life; and in my fancy I even thought it conscious of happiness and of hope. A few bright hours

winged away, and the scene was changed. The glory of the morning had departed. The sun had towered up to his culminating point in the heavens, and his hot and thirsty rays had licked up the dew that silvered the grass and the leaves. Then that poor flower went sad, and drooped down upon the parched earth. Its energy was gone—its beauty was faded. It seemed to stretch its languishing eyes in despair toward heaven, and to gasp for breath. But, by and by I saw the rain-mists gathering over it in the sky. The sun shone down with a softer light. The motionless air was aroused by an inspiring gale; and that wilted flower lifted up its lorn head, and seemed to smile. A shower of sweet rain dropped from the clouds upon it, and all its freshness, and beauty, and life returned. Often since that time I have thought that charity is to man what the falling of that soft reviving rain was to the dying flower. In words, the melody of which can not but be very sweet to the soul of every one who reads them, has the poet sung,

"Tis a little thing

To give a cup of water; yet its draught
Of cool refreshment, drained by fevered lips,
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame,
More exquisite than when nectarine juice
Rewards the life of joy, in happiest hours.
It is a little thing to speak a phrase
Of common comfort, which by daily use
Has almost lost its sense, yet on the ear
Of him who thought to die unmourned,
"Twill fall like choicest music."

Little does he know of real happiness who has never spoken a well-timed word of encouragement to linger long and sweetly in some lonely ear—never leaped to do a deed of human self-sacrifice; who has always, as much as possible, avoided the poor and needy—always left the Lazaruses to be fed with the crumbs and licked by the dogs!

"The good that ye shall give in alms," says the Koran, "shall redound to yourselves; and ye shall not give unless out of desire of seeing the face of God." Too noble a sentiment almost is this to have a place in the creed-book of a spurious religion. We shall, however, learn here that even imposture itself could not ignore the grand truth, that benevolence and bliss are inseparable.

It is a beautiful saying to be afloat in the world—that which declares a kind man to an enemy, to be "like the sandal-tree which sheds perfume on the ax that fells it." If philanthropy perfumes even enmity with its balmy tenderness, how sweet must it be to grief, to want, to suffering! It is the consciousness of having imparted

this sweetness that constitutes the holy pleasure which enters into the experience of the doer of acts of kindly sympathy.

Of doing good there are various ways, and yet only one true way. It is the way of Jesus—a way of humble kindness, of unboastful liberality, of cheering perfumes scattered by a noiseless shedding. A poor, perishing man, lying alone by the road-side, is always shunned save by the Samaritan-hearted. Have you ever thought, reader, what a beautiful lesson of love is inculcated in the simple belief held by our common humanity, that men go through the present life, attended all along by unseen guardian angels? Be it true or not, by that belief the great human heart tells what kind of philanthropy it loves most and best. Kindness is doubly sweet when its source is known to the bottom, just as water is doubly reviving, when it is seen bubbling up, through a bed of clean pebbles.

A benevolent act done in public is simply valuable; but a benevolent act done in private is more than valuable—it is precious. One appears a favor, the other a sacrifice; one benefits, the other blesses; one seems the result of a willingness to do good, the other of a habit of doing good. It is the philanthropy whose gentleness is meek, and whose generosity unostentatious that is rewarded ever, by the most blissful consciousness. What is it for a man to do good before many eyes, if he is never ready to do good where there are only two eyes to see him? What is it for a man to play the Samaritan before a crowd, if in any one case of solitary misfortune in all the world, he is found passing by, along with the priest and the Levite, on the other side? The bitterest sufferings are endured in obscure places; and he who feels this to be so, and often goes away, where he knows he must act, if he acts at all, with no surrounding multitude of men to praise him, and there, in the retirement of pain and anguish, makes some throbbing head lie easier on its pillow, or some distressed and disconsolate heart forget its grief in the sweet abstraction of its own vision of human goodness and gentleness—he who thus seeks out lonely suffering men to bless them, simply because every man in the world is an object of affection to him, is worthy to be compared with those higher lovers of our race, recognized in the spontaneous poetry of all simple, trustful souls—those kind angels whose lives are but long and radiant visions of heavenly rapture! This, then, is one of the marks which go to prove philanthropy, whether it is of the right stamp or not; namely, that it makes a man seek to do good, only for the

sake of doing good, and causes him to blush at the thought of appropriating the heart's better promptings as a capital to speculate on in public.

But as another mark of the same great feeling, I will ask you to observe that winning geniality of personal address and manners, which it makes a man exhibit in all his behavior toward his fellows.

The soul shows itself in all that goes under the common name of expression. A man's outward character is the symbol of his inward character. You can see the nobility of a noble person in his physiognomy, and you can hear of it in the tones of his talk. Philanthropists are men of kindly faces and inviting words. So they are always. They could not be otherwise and have their good and generous natures. Whatever a man is at the core, that he will be likely to show out in his countenance, and in his speech. It is often said among common folks, that when an individual is very much embarrassed, his heart leaps up into his throat. Be that as it may, it is a truth that there are men whose hearts are wont to come up, even above their throats; they come up and linger in their countenances, and hover around their lips.

I do not believe in all of Spurzheim's and Lavater's teachings; but I do believe in all of Nature's teachings. And she teaches me that no man can be beautiful on the *inside*, who is eternally repulsive on the *outside*. A protuberance of the skull is worth nothing as a clew to character; but a skillful reader of human dispositions will see volumes in the particular way a particular man's head hangs. Children are good enough phrenologists and physiognomists, so far as they go. They can pass from expression to character directly; and it is not often that they blunder a deduction of inward refinement from a fact of outward grossness. And this shows that Lavater's science, so far as it is true, is only a part of the more general science called Human Nature; and that just so far as it is independent of this science of human nature, or of the inner life, it is only a system of whims. The soul can not be proved inferior by a wrinkle of the face, or a maldevelopment of a feature. It is folly to think of reading men by any fixed alphabet of specific tokens. The symbolic signs of souls are only generic. You can tell the man who has "the interior beauty of the soul," only by his being agreeable to you when taken, not in a few, but in all the parts which make up that symbolic cluster by which his self-hood is expressed. Some of the best men in the world will turn out to be but half tolerable, so far as character is concerned, if read by piecemeal—that is, by the size or shape of

particular features, or by the external protuberances of the shell which holds the brain. Men are to be studied very much as horse-jockeys study horses—that is, by perusing them in the *ensemble*—by reading them all over, from tiptop to tiptoe. Socrates had a flouting turn of the nose, which might have been too homely to be borne by the author of the first book on physiognomy; but the Grecian youths did not think of noses, when he whom the Delphic oracle pronounced to be the wisest of men, grew eloquent before them, and they saw his large, grand soul coming out of him at every chink. And so it was proved that if God has put a noble nature in a man, and the man has not proved false to that nature, it will show itself out, in spite of any insignificant marring of the symmetry of his face or of his form.

THE CHURL.

Let me now speak to you of the churl—him whose external character is but an odious expression of the odious character of his inner self. This man does, indeed, only humor his spirit in his manners; and seeing that his spirit is contracted and selfish, what wonder is it, that his manners should be harsh and unlovely? Of all the souls, in all the world, there is but one that can habitually show itself out, in a mean expression, and that is an intolerably mean soul. When Confucius had returned from a visit to Lautsz, the surly old Chinese rationalist, whose spirit had, perhaps, never, in all his life, felt the stirring of a real philanthropic desire, he said to his disciples, "I have seen Lautsz; have I not seen something like a dragon?" Every churl that lives daily exposes himself to verdicts of opinion, as withering as this.

The Frenchman, Marat, was at heart a political dragon; and it is not strange that a certain historian should have written of him, that "he had the face of a monster." Dean Swift was a man who had more often rather be unwinning in his address than not; and who needs to be told that Dean Swift was always more ready to gratify his own singularly selfish humor than to bless either men or women? He who is generally churlish is never great-hearted. A broad philanthropy can no more keep company with insolent crabbedness, than an elephant can snap like a lap-dog. There is a large class of men in society who seem to make it a part of their very occupations to conduct themselves before strangers just as ungenially as they can. Railroad insolence! who does not know what that is? Mercantile moroseness! who wants a definition of that?

The crust of official self-importance! who has not chewed that till his very teeth were on edge? One need not long wonder what that man's soul can be made of who, simply because his business requires him to accost and give answers to men whose faces he does not familiarly know, should make it a point to be just as unlovely in all his deal with them as he can make himself be. Certain it is that all such men do but prove how much their dispositions resemble the dispositions of those groveling animals, which, in common Anglo-Saxon, pass under the name of—hogs! What a crime against all the nobler traits of human nature it is to rudely respond to some simple request, made in meek sincerity, by an earnest and manly-appearing stranger, in a strange place!

And I shall ask, if any but a crazy man would ever pause to consider whether it were possible, that there should be a pleasure felt in thus dealing like a beast with humanity. A pleasure in accosting to speak a little word of gently-solicited kindness! A pleasure in sending, by some harsh reply, a chill of wintry distrust through a warmly-pulsating heart! A pleasure in imparting to some genially-disposed mind, to be borne away, it might be, into the silence of serene retrospection, the impression of a mean spirit, left behind in the form of a man on some distant, bustling street or thoroughfare! Only think of it! Why, it is more than a sin, to even associate the name of pleasure with such practical swinishness as this! Shame on that man! shame on him all the way down to his despicable grave—that man, I say, who, when he has for once shown to any well-meaning, kindly-hearted member of his race, how brutish he can be in his manners, does not feel his inmost spirit stung, long, long afterward with the fiery poison-barbs of a miserable remorseful self-hatred! Too many there are of such low specimens of churlish insolence in the world; but be this as it may, it is safe enough to claim that their malevolent moroseness, even if it does not sometimes give them pain, it never brings them pleasure.

I will not believe that God has so made any one of all the savage animals which roam in the wilds of the world, that it should enjoy its own growl. The churl gets no pleasure from his churlishness. Ask you, then, why he is churlish? I will tell you. He is the victim of that selfishness, and its accompaniment, that narrow view of human nature and life, which, together, effectually preclude all the higher feelings of a man. He has never risen to that degree of nobleness at which a person loses the disposition to overestimate his own personal importance, and yielding to the dictates

of an expanded nature, gives up his spirit to be absorbed in those activities which are rewarded by the bliss of benevolence. Tell me, would a man offer disrespect to a sweet amiableness, if he had ever contemplated the heavenly beauty of it? Tell me, would a man insult a meek sincerity, if he had ever studied its angelic loveliness? Tell me, would a man be willing to give over his image, as that of one who has never thought a noble thought, or breathed a noble feeling, in his whole life, to be carried in the memory of a thoughtful stranger, if he had ever come to know what it is to have a spirit which admires a manly frankness, and scorns, with a holy contempt, that self-conceit by which the soul is dwarfed beyond the power to be generous?

You see, now, I am sure you do, what the churl is, and why he is churlish. And so, whenever it shall be yours to meet one of this class of men, you may justly look upon him as a man who is not manly enough to see how much nobler and sweeter it is to be kind than to be unkind; and you may justly use the words of Confucius, when he spoke of Lautsz, and say of him, "I have seen a churl; have I not seen something like a dragon?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE WIFE OF LUTHER.

BY CHARLES NORDHOFF.

ONE of the immediate results of the doctrines taught by Luther, and of the spiritual light which he and his coadjutors shed abroad upon the world of Europe, was a very general dissatisfaction on the part of monks and nuns—particularly the latter—with their unnatural and secluded life.

In the year 1520 the new faith was introduced into Grimma, a little town two days' journey from Wittenberg, and less distant from Leipsic. A little to the north of Grimma was the convent of *Nimptsch*. Already in 1516 Luther had visited Grimma; and in 1519 he spent some time there; so that his name and new doctrine were by no means unknown to the pious sisterhood of the neighboring convent. They not only heard—a portion of them believed; and losing faith in the old Roman Catholic religion, ceased to love its forms. They became unwilling longer to suffer the restraints and inconveniences of monastic life. Eager to throw off the yoke, they first wrote to their parents for aid in this dilemma, and failing to receive there the protection they had a right to ask, resolved boldly to effect their escape, and thus violently sunder bonds become to them unbearable.

The nuns who were thus impatient of restraint were nine in number. Their names are chronicled as follows: Magdalene Von Staupitz, Elizabeth Von Kanitz, Eva Von Gross, Eva Von Schonfeld, and her sister, Margaret Von Schonfeld, Laneta Von Golis, Margaret Von Zeschau, Catharine Von Zeschau, her sister, and lastly, Katharine Von Bora.

Being refused the help asked at their parents' hands, they naturally turned them next to him whose doctrines had moved them to their present course. They did not need to appeal a second time to Luther. He took the case in hand, procured the co-operation of Leonard Koppe, a distinguished citizen and counselor of Torgau, and engaged to take care of the fugitive nuns, if Koppe would deliver them from their convent-prison.

On the eve of Good Friday, April 4, 1523, Koppe, with two stout helpers, arrived under the walls of the convent of *Nimptsch*. The nuns, previously notified, were anxiously awaiting their deliverers. Of course it was impossible to gain egress in the legitimate way. Their only resource was to scale the walls. It is told that they let themselves down from Katharine Von Bora's window into the convent-court, where the said Katharine, in her great haste, left one of her slippers, which fell off, as she was being assisted over the wall. As it was necessary to avoid suspicion along the road, which led through the dominions of a Catholic prince, Koppe had provided himself with a large covered wagon, such as was at that time used to convey goods from place to place. In this he had placed a number of fish barrels; and in, or under these barrels he concealed the fair fugitives. Being asked by a person passing along the road, what he had there, he answered, "Barrels of herring." Thus they passed in safety to Torgau, whence they were taken to Wittenberg, on the 7th of April.

The nuns being now delivered from thralldom, the next question was, What should be done with them? A letter from Dr. Luther himself best answers this query. He says, under date of 10th April, 1523: ". . . You will ask me what I am going to do with these girls. In the first place, I will write to their parents, and request them to take home their daughters. If they will not do so, then I will take care that they be otherwise comfortably maintained. I have already received promises in respect to some of them; and the rest I will get married if I can."

Pending these arrangements they were comfortably lodged with an honorable citizen of Wittenberg, where they experienced every kindness.

We will add here, too, that not one of them was received by her parents. With the future of only one of these nuns, however, will we have much to do in the present article.

Katharine Von Bora was born on the 29th of January, 1499. This we learn, singularly enough, not from any written document, but from a silver gilt medal, a gift to her from Luther, which she used to wear about her neck, and which is still preserved at Dresden. Besides recording the date of her birth, it has on one side the device of a brazen serpent raised above the wounded Israelites, with the motto: "*Serpens exaltatus typus Christi crucifixi*;" while about the margin is inscribed, "*D. Mart. Luther, Catharinæ suædons dedit h.*" The reverse represents the Savior on the cross, and a multitude of people standing around it, with this legend: "*Christus mortuus est pro peccatis nostris*." About the margin on this side is the inscription, "*Quæ nata est anno, 1499, d. 29 Januarii*." The place of her nativity is not definitely known. It was, however, in some part of Saxony. She came of an ancient family, her ancestors in the middle ages having been Margraves of Misma; at which time the family possessions lay at Stemlaussig, between Wittenberg and Leipsic. We know nothing of Katharine's youth. On the 4th of April, 1521, when twenty-two years of age, she entered the convent of Nimptsch, whether of her own free will, or at the instance of her parents, history does not tell us. We know, however, from herself, that she was early disposed to piety, and "prayed oftener while in her convent than after she was released;" being very exact in the observance of all outward forms of religion. In the performance of these outward forms consisted, in fact, the chief duty of the nuns of those days. Their spare hours they devoted to embroidery, to service in choirs, and, in a few cases, to the acquisition of knowledge. The nuns with whom Katharine escaped, seem to have been not only of good families, but also very generally intelligent, and probably were searchers after knowledge, and that even during their convent life.

Behold them now in Wittenberg! cast off by their parents; execrated by their co-religionists; under the ban of the Church, whose thunders failed not to fall on them as well as upon those who aided in their escape. Upon Luther, indeed, as the prime mover in the matter, fell the heaviest abuse. He was furiously denounced; and hesitated not to reply. Koppe, who had taken even a more active part than Luther in the transaction, grew scared, and was willing to conceal his share. Luther naively thought so excellent an action

should be proclaimed to all the world, and made haste to blazon abroad all the particulars.

Meantime several of the young ladies were happily married. Katharine, to whom we must now pay exclusive attention, had, on her arrival in Wittenberg, been placed in the house of the burgomaster and town-clerk, Philip Reichenbach. Here she met with much kindness; and by her Christian conduct proved herself worthy of friends. We learn from Luther's letters that neither at this time, nor for a considerable period afterward, did he contemplate marrying Katharine. He was not then in circumstances to marry; but, we are informed, would at this time have preferred to Katharine another of the escaped nuns, Eva Von Schoenbrun.

Meantime Katharine had several suitors. The first, Jeremy Baumgartner, seems to have been a favorite with her; but, leaving the city, he paid her no further attentions. Dr. Caspar Glatz, a Protestant pastor, was the next. He would gladly have made her his wife; and Luther strongly urged the match, considering it an advantageous one. Katharine, however, did not love him. Learning of Luther's action in the matter, she complained of it to a mutual friend, Nicholas Amsdorf, the preacher in Wittenberg; avowing at the same time, that were either he—Amsdorf—or Luther to make proposals of marriage to her, she would take those into favorable consideration. We must bear in mind, that gratitude to these, her best friends, had probably much to do with this frank avowal.

Luther did not yet love her. In truth he suspected her of pride. She was not a beauty in the strict sense of that word. But she possessed a dignity of manner and action which commanded respect. This Luther mistook for pride. A longer and closer acquaintance relieved him of this error; and proved to him, that beneath her reserve there existed a kind heart, warm affections, and strong good sense. And so his esteem increased and ripened into affection for her.

Yet was he no ardent lover. He writes to Baumgartner, her old lover, that if he is still anxious to secure her, "come here at once, or she will become the property of another." . . . "I should be perhaps better pleased that you, having a prior title, should be united to her." And writing afterward to a friend, who had been accusing him of matrimonial intentions, he says: "But with such a mind as I have hitherto had, and still continue to have, I shall not take a wife—not because I am by nature averse to matrimony, for I am neither wood nor stone; but I am disinclined to it, because I am every day

expecting to have death inflicted upon me as a heretic. I do not wish to obstruct God's work in me; nor do I trust to my own heart. But I hope he will not let me live long."

However, from a letter written April 16, 1525, five months after that above partly quoted, we learn that he had now fully made up his mind to marriage, and that Katharine was the object of his affections. To resolve and to act were always as nearly as possible simultaneous with Luther. It is related, by the way, that a sneer of Dr. Schurff, a Roman Catholic divine, helped him to this decision: "Should this monk marry," said that person, the whole world, and even the devil will burst into shouts of laughter, and he himself will destroy what he has been building up." Having come to a decision, he astonished all his friends, and even Katharine, by his precipitancy. On Tuesday, June 13, 1525, he took with him his three friends, Dr. Bugenbager, or Pomeranus, at that time town-preacher of Wittenberg, the lawyer, Apell, and Lucas Cranach, a painter, proceeded to Reichenbach's house, where Katharine at that time resided, and there and then, without previous formal courtship, and in presence of his friends, asked her in marriage. She thought at first he was in jest. Finding he was in earnest, she, without asking time to consider, with maidenly modesty at once gave her consent. A formal betrothal followed; and on the same day the marriage was solemnized. At this time Katharine was in her twenty-sixth year, while Luther was forty-two. A marriage-feast in the evening closed the ceremonies of the day.

The marriage and betrothal rings of Luther are still in existence. The first is finely wrought in gold, broad and branched, set with a ruby, and ornamented with a representation of Christ's passion, in relief. On the inside of the ring are engraved the names of the betrothed pair, and opposite, the date, "der 13 Juni, 1525," in small characters. The marriage-ring was an ingeniously-contrived double ring, one hoop fitting into the other. One bears a ruby, the other a diamond. The gems lie together when the ring is closed. On the flat sides of the boxes in which the gems are imbedded, are the initials of the bridal pair; that of the lady, "C. V. B.," being on the side of the ruby, the emblem of exalted love, while Luther's, "M. L. D.," is on the side of the diamond, the sign of power, duration, and fidelity. Lower down, on the flat inside surfaces of the hoops, are these words, in the old spelling, "Was Gott zusammen fuget, soll kein mensch scheiden"—"What God doth join, no man shall part."

Luther had given no intimation of his inten-

tions to any of his friends, but those who were present at the ceremony. This was probably because he feared remonstrances from others against this act, as impolitic just then.

Just here we obtain a curious glimpse at the customs of those days. We read that on the next day, when the marriage became known in the town of Wittenberg, the magistrates sent them their congratulations, and a marriage-present of fourteen measures of wine of different kinds; besides which, they granted to the newly-married couple free access for the space of a year, to the wine-cellar of the city.

On the 14th day after the wedding, there was another feast, on occasion of taking the bride to her new home. This was the custom of the times. The apartment he occupied when a monk in the Augustinian monastery, is believed to have been the scene of this festivity. For this feast the married couple received from the city a present of several casks of beer. The University of Wittenberg also presented them with a large silver beaker, plated with gold inside and out. Those were days when men ate heartily, and washed their food down with huge draughts of beer and wine. Gross feeding was one of the vices of that time as well as our own.

So Katharine was the wife of Luther. The Roman Catholics were not sparing of their abuse of the new-married couple. All kinds of ridiculous and wicked stories were circulated concerning them; and learned men were not found wanting, to declare that the fruit of this union, of a monk and a nun, must be Antichrist—a belief which Erasmus made haste to put down with one of his bitterest sneers.

The married life of Katharine lasted nearly twenty-one years; namely, from the 13th of June, 1525, to the 7th February, 1546, when the death of her husband left her a widow. During this long period, we have the testimony of Luther, in his numerous letters, as well as of his friends, that she was to him a true and faithful wife; a discreet manager in his household; a good mother to his children; a loving helpmeet to him in his many troubles, always ready to encourage, to console, to cheer, to restrain, or to advise and counsel. As was just and right, she had a great pride in her husband, and cherished his name and his many honors, as a good wife would. It is certain that without her close management Luther would have been unable to live as he did live upon his small income, which did not actually exceed \$130 per annum—a sum which is very small, even when we take in consideration the fact that money was worth much more in those days than in ours.

Katharine possessed naturally a good deal of force of character. In household matters she is said to have had her will, and her husband, knowing her prudence and admirable management, sensibly and pleasantly gave way to her. It has been stated that she was at the same time imperious; and that her self-willedness caused disagreement between her and Luther. This is proved, however, not to have been the case. His letters abound in expressions of love and esteem for her, his "greatest comfort." And if in her own department she sometimes showed self-will, Luther, who saw this infirmity, made it a ground of jest and good-humored remark. In his letters he sometimes alludes to this: "My rib, Katy, my lord, Katy, my empress, Katy, salutes you." And in a letter to herself, he addresses her, "My kind and dear lord and master, Katy, Lutheress, doctress, and priestess, at Wittenberg."

Mixing much in the society of men of genius and cultivation, who frequented her house, she became herself a woman of cultivated mind, far beyond most of her sex in those days. It was for this reason, probably, as well as from the fact that she had at home many duties to perform, that she did not much affect the company of others of her sex; who did not fail in consequence to call her proud.

In 1540 Luther purchased for Katharine the small estate of Zolldorf, two miles from Borna. The elector, John Frederic, having promised to supply her gratuitously with timber for building purposes, she removed to this estate, put up buildings, planted trees, and brought the ground into excellent order for cultivation. In this employment she seems to have taken great delight. Luther, writing about this time to a friend, says: "My lord, Katy, had just set out for her new kingdom when your letter arrived." Luther left this farm to her own management, and it seems to have prospered under her care. She was continually planning new improvements, and had great delight in preparing for her husband's table, fruits and vegetables raised on her own ground, and under her own care.

They had in all six children, two of whom died in infancy. The first-born was John, born on 6th of June, 1528. He became Councilor of State, first to John Frederic II, Duke of Saxony, then to Albert, Duke of Prussia. He died, October 22d, 1575. The next was Elizabeth, born December 10th, 1527, and died in August, 1528. The third, Magdalene, born in 1529, and died in 1542. The fourth, Martin, born in November, 1531. He studied theology, but died at Wittenberg, in March, 1565. The fifth, Paul, was born

January 28th, 1533-4. He studied medicine, became court physician to various German princes, and died at Leipsic, in 1593, aged 60. The last, Margaret, was born in 1536. She died in 1570.

Toward the close of Luther's life, Katharine experienced much anxiety from the failing state of his health. He suffered much, in mind as well as body, and frequently expressed a heart-felt desire that "the Lord would come and unharness him." It was during a journey, and when away from home, that he finally died, on February 18th, 1546. Katharine was not, therefore, with him in his last moments. His death was sudden. She was by his will left sole legatee, in trust for herself and her children; and the will abounds in expressions of tenderness toward her and trust in her.

For some time after Luther's death she was comforted in her bereavement by the sympathy and assistance of the different princes of northern Europe, who had embraced the Reformed religion. Temporary provision was made for her and her children, by which the eldest boy was enabled to prosecute his studies, while the other three children remained with their mother. Other assistance being promised, the future looked sufficiently cheering now. But just at this time—in July, 1546—broke out the war between the Protestant league, and the Emperor Charles V, arising from his meditated attempt at an entire extirpation of Protestant doctrines. For Katharine this was exceedingly disastrous. Her friends, themselves involved in a desperate struggle, were unable to redeem their promises of help. Her small property, the income from which was the only other source of her living, lay just upon the seat of war. Thus she found herself reduced to very straitened circumstances; and the balance of her widowhood, which lasted seven years, was passed amid many deprivations, trials, and sorrows.

In December, 1546, she was obliged, with many others, to fly from Wittenberg to Magdeburg. From here, in her need, she addressed a letter to the King of Denmark, praying for relief. She signs herself, "Your royal majesty's obedient, Katharine Luther, the forsaken widow of Dr. Martin Luther, of blessed memory." It must be mentioned, in her honor, that while in pressing need herself, she did not neglect to add to the letter a request for assistance for Dr. George Major, a learned friend of Luther's, who, having a large family, was suffering great privation at that time with her, at Magdeburg. Both requests were attended to.

On account of the defeat of the Protestant

forces, Katharine, with her family, was obliged to remove often from place to place. She was minded to travel to Denmark; but was finally induced, by a proclamation, to return to Wittenberg, and claim her property.

This she received, but much depreciated in value, on account of the late war. So straitened was she now in her circumstances, that she was obliged, as a means of eking out a too scanty income, to let apartments in her house to students, boarding also a few of her lodgers at a very moderate rate. In the year 1552 the plague broke out in Wittenberg. In order to retain the income derived from the students, she proposed to remove with these temporarily to Torgau. While upon the way, the horse grew frightened, and ran away with the carriage in which she and her children were being conveyed. Alarmed for their safety and her own, she leaped from the carriage, and unfortunately fell into some water, being, besides, severely bruised. This fall brought on cold and sickness, of which she died, on December 20, 1552, aged fifty-three years.

She was buried in the Parish Church, in Torgau. Her funeral was attended by a great concourse of people, and by the students of the University, who were invited by their Vice Chancellor to show in this manner their regard for the deceased, as well as their veneration for the memory of Luther.

Her tombstone is still to be seen. It is sandstone, painted, and in parts gilded; and is evidently the work of a rough hand. Her effigy, at full length, is sculptured on it. She is represented wearing grave-clothes, and holding in her hand an open Bible. Above her head, on the right side, appears Luther's coat of arms, devised by himself; a black cross set in a red heart, which again is placed in the center of a white rose, the whole surrounded by a golden ring.

On the other side is Katharine's ancestral escutcheon—a lion rampant, with the right paw raised on a golden shield; and a peacock's tail upon a helmet.

Along the side of the stone is a simple inscription in German, which reads: "In the year 1552, the 20th December, here in Torgau fell asleep, blessed in God, Katharine Von Bora, the blessed widow of Doctor Martin Luther."

Thus departed, after many tribulations, one who probably did much, by her affection, prudence, sympathy, and encouragement, to keep up the spirit of the great Reformer. When we bless Luther, for his great work, let us not forget her who shared his many troubles, and doubled also his joys.

MY FIRESIDE.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

A LIGHT mist rises from yon bogs,
And thickens darkly till the earth
Is shrouded in its funeral fogs.
Out of its mantle dim
Specters, all gaunt and grim—
Spiritual phantasies,
Seen but by spirit eyes—
Born of the gloomy hour,
In the weird twilight lower.

But see, they pause outside the door,
They can not cross our threshold o'er.
The fire burns brightly on the hearth
It curls around the massive logs,
And twines into a living wreath
The spiral serpent flames beneath,
Tracing with soft, uncertain light
Quaint shadows on the ceiling white.

Close in the corner where the glow
Falls brightest, is a cricket low—
My arm-chair by its side, you know—
Where all the evening Fanny sits,
An open book upon her knee,
Her fingers working busily,
To shape the stocking that she knits;
While to herself, unconsciously,
She hums a winsome melody.
Ah! Fanny sweet!
Twelve times has May,
With footsteps fleet,
Brought garlands gay
To decorate our marriage-day.
And each year hast thou dearer grown,
Each year some lovelier promise shown,
Some richer charm in look and tone.

For hours I sit,
And trace among the embers red
The fancies strange that fill my head—
Visions of youth forever fled
Across the picture flit.
I hear the needles' rapid click
Chime with the old clock's louder tick,
As though I heard it not;
Yet, were it wanting, half the charm
That hallows now the fireside warm
Would vanish from the spot.

When yet a merry boy, how oft
I watched the fire-stars shoot aloft,
My head upon my mother's knee,
Her evening stories thus to hear,
While just above my listening ear
The glitt'ring needles, clicking rude,
Accompanied the story good,
And gave it half its witchery!
And still, though long, long years have passed,
Their genial music seems to last;
'Tis like an old friend's cordial words
That touch the sweetest, cheeriest chords
Of memory; still with fairy power
They wile the evening's lingering hour.

THE WATCH-NIGHT.

BY REV. J. T. BARR, M. A.

"O happy day, that fixed my choice
On thee, my Savior and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad."

IT was the last day of the year; and daylight had already faded in the western sky. The weather was cold—intensely cold. The spirit of the northern blast moaned dismally through the branches of the leafless trees, as if preparing a requiem for the departing year. Yet ever and anon the sound of the village bells fell soothingly on the ear, in the intervals of the boisterous gale. Few of the inhabitants ventured abroad, preferring the "blazing hearth" within, to encountering the "pitiless storm" without. The village itself, which was very populous, was situated in one of the northern counties of England, and in the vicinity of a celebrated city. Two young men were seated at the fireside, in the parlor of a little inn, near the church, partaking each of a glass of brandy and water.

"The year is about closing, Henry," said the elder of the two; "where shall we go to witness his last moments, and welcome the birth of his successor?"

"Nay, James," was the reply of his companion, "I think we can not do better than remain where we are. The night is cold and stormy; but here we have a snug fire."

"I was thinking of going to the city. There is to be a *Free and Easy* at the King's Arms. I went there last year. We had some first-rate singing, and were as happy as new-fledged birds."

"But, consider the distance—five miles!"

"O, the enjoyment we shall experience will compensate for the fatigue of the walk! Come, let us start."

Henry was thus persuaded into a compliance; and they at once proceeded on their journey.

It will be necessary to give the reader a few particulars connected with the history of these two young men.

James was the only son of parents, who were themselves born in this village; and were much respected for their uniform integrity and uprightness. They kept a small shop, where, by attention to business, they had secured a comfortable maintenance. James was naturally idle, and of a dilatory turn of mind. This unhappy propensity gathered strength with his growing years, and proved a source of extreme grief to his parents. Though he had been placed, for a considerable time, under the care of an efficient master, in a

respectable academy, he made but little progress in learning. He loved play more than his books, and mischief more than study. On leaving school, his father placed him behind his own counter, fondly hoping that in that situation he might be serviceable to him in his business. Alas! those hopes were doomed to disappointment! James betrayed the same carelessness, the same negligence in the shop as in the school.

Henry was the son of poor, but pious parents, residing in the Highlands of Scotland. Though moving in a humble sphere, they were "rich in faith," and had for many years "walked in the comfort of the Holy Ghost." Under their pious teachings, Henry became early acquainted with the vital doctrines of the Gospel, and was induced to cherish the highest veneration for the Christian religion, as he saw it so beautifully exemplified in their lives and conversation. At a proper age his father brought him to England, and had him apprenticed, for the term of seven years, to a relative, who kept a draper's shop in the village already referred to. Before returning to his mountain-home, he gave Henry such advice as he trusted would, by the Divine blessing, be of service to him in his new calling. For the first five years of his apprenticeship, he conducted himself with the greatest propriety; so that during that long period, his master discovered in his behavior nothing to blame, but much to applaud. Soon after entering on his sixth year, he unfortunately became acquainted with James, and was gradually seduced, by the professed friendship of the latter, into habits to which he had previously been a stranger, and which he knew to be wrong. They were frequently together on the Sabbath, perambulating the fields, or spending the hours of that sacred day in the pursuit of pleasure or amusement. Often, too, on the week-nights, they met in the parlor of the little inn, for the purpose of playing at cards, and taking a social glass. Thus, by yielding to the solicitations, and treading in the steps of a worthless wretch, the unsuspecting youth had brought an accumulated weight of guilt upon his conscience, forfeited the esteem of his amiable master, and had entered on a career of sin, by persevering in which the "sunshine of hope," which irradiated his path in his native glens, was likely to be succeeded by the "blackness of darkness forever!"

As the two companions pursued their journey to the city, the cold was intense. The snow began to descend in large flakes, and there was every appearance of a wild night. But on and on they went. Arriving in the city, they proceeded in the direction of the King's Arms. But

on their way they had to pass a Methodist chapel, which was already opened for the watch-night service, according to custom in the Wesleyan connection. Henry paused at the door, and listened attentively to the following affecting stanza, which was sung by the assembled multitude :

"How many spend the guilty night
In revelings and frantic mirth!
The creature is their sole delight,
Their happiness, the things of earth :
For us, suffice the season past,
We choose the better part at last."

His heart was touched. "An indescribable feeling agitated the inmost recesses of his soul.

"James," said he, "this is a watch-night, and instead of going to the *Free and Easy*, I intend to be present at the service in this chapel. You can not do better than to accompany me."

With a contemptuous sneer James left the spot, muttering, as he hurried to the inn, something about "Methodist cant," and "puritanical hypocrisy!"

Henry now entered the chapel, and remained till the close of the service. To the sermon he listened with breathless attention. It was founded on that solemn passage, "And at midnight there was a cry made: Behold the Bridegroom cometh! go ye out to meet him." And if the singing of the beautiful hymn with which the service commenced, so greatly affected his mind, the sermon tended materially to mature his convictions. During its delivery, he experienced all the agony of genuine contrition, as the sinfulness of his past conduct was exhibited to his view. His early religious impressions, which had been almost obliterated from his mind, were at once revived; while the remembrance of a father's counsels and a mother's prayers brought tears into his eyes. While thus struggling with his convictions, like the royal Psalmist, he had no soundness in his flesh, because of God's anger; nor rest in his bones, because of his sin.

Before the clock proclaimed the hour of midnight, there was a solemn pause. The minister and congregation fell upon their knees, to spend the last moment of the year in silent devotion. And O, the effect of that silence! It seemed as the silence of the grave! Every heart beat with tremulous emotion, while wafting its secret aspirations to the throne of the Eternal. God was in the midst. And every member of that vast assembly might truly have whispered, "Lord, it is good to be here!" That solemn moment was the turning point in the life of Henry; it was the moment of decision; and he was resolved, in the strength of Divine grace, for "God to live and

die." A sense of pardon, through the blood of Christ, was sealed on his heart, by the finger of the Holy Ghost, accompanied by the peace of God which passeth understanding.

On leaving the chapel, Henry called at the inn, to inquire whether his companion was ready to return; trusting that, on their way home, a recital of what he had heard and witnessed in the sanctuary, might induce him to relinquish his sinful habits. But James, who appeared much flushed with drink, positively refused to return for another hour. There was, therefore, no alternative than to retrace his steps alone.

By this time the weather had become terrifically wild. The snow continued to descend; and as the wind had become increasingly boisterous, the snow, in some parts of the road, had drifted to a fearful depth, which rendered it exceedingly hazardous to travel. Shivering with cold, while the large flakes dashed into his face, Henry proceeded on his solitary way. No friendly star appeared in the heavens to guide or cheer the lonely wanderer. But still he went on; though occasionally ready to faint from the violence of the storm, the vivid impressions of what he had experienced in the house of God, kept his spirits buoyant, and he at length reached home in safety. He recounted to his master the interesting events of the evening, together with his determination to associate no more with the wretched James. The recital drew tears from the eyes of the aged man, and he encouraged his youthful relation to persevere in a course so happily and so opportunely adopted. He exhorted him, more especially, to cultivate a watchful spirit, and to pray earnestly for the grace of the Holy Spirit, to preserve him from all appearance of evil.

* * * * *

Scarcely had the first streak of daylight appeared in the east, when James's father called on Henry, to inquire about his son, who, it appears, had not yet returned from the city. Henry informed him of the occurrences of the night. He then, accompanied by several of the villagers, hastened to the inn, where they were told that James, in a state of intoxication, left for home about one o'clock. One of his boon companions walked with him a short distance, when, owing to the inclemency of the weather, he left him to pursue his journey alone. This intelligence, of course, excited the utmost alarm. They promptly retraced their steps to the village, examining, as they passed along, every part of the road, hoping to find the object of their search. He was at length discovered in a ditch on the road-side, which was almost concealed by the drifted snow.

When his body was extricated, it was stiff and cold. Life was extinct. Alas! the wretched youth had perished in the morning of his existence—the victim of his own folly. His corpse was subsequently carried to its final resting-place, in the church-yard of his native village. No tears were shed at his grave, but those which gushed from the eyes of his heart-broken parents. The villagers, who principally formed the funeral procession, were deeply affected at the remembrance of the distressing occurrence which had brought him to an untimely end. But their sympathies were awakened, more from pity for the bereaved parents, than from any affection which they cherished for the son, whom they were now committing to the dust.

Many years have passed away since this fatal occurrence; but the rustic inhabitants often point the traveler to the spot where his mortal remains are deposited, and sometimes heave a sigh while reflecting on the course of iniquity which paved his way to a premature death.

Henry still holds on his way with undeviating fidelity. He has long since returned to the home of his childhood, among the mountain scenery of his native land; where, having acquired a little property by his industry and frugality, he is enabled to assist his aged parents in their declining years; and joins with them in devout thankfulness to the providence and grace of God, which so timely interposed to preserve him from a fate which might have been similar to that which befell his unfortunate companion.

THE ALMA PERDIDI.

THE legend of the "messenger bird" from the land of souls has existed for ages, and found a place in many lands. Lord Byron, in his "Bride of Abydos," has applied the idea in another form, when he represents the soul of Selim as inhabiting the body of a bird. The song of that bird becomes magic melody uttering evermore "Zuleika's name."

The Peruvians have the same legend, but in a new and highly poetic form. A bird, among them, is known by the name of *alma perdidi*, or "lost soul." The origin of the name, the legend says, is as follows: An Indian girl while collecting balsam left her child alone in the forest, and on her return to the place where she had left it, she could not find it. Calling aloud its name, the only reply she received was the singularly mournful note of this bird, which from that time was denominated "the lost soul."

CITY AND COUNTRY LIFE.

BY WM. T. COGGESHALL.

THE magnetism of exuberant vitality from nuts and fields achieved easy dominion over the effeminate pleasure-seekers who rioted in Grecian and Roman sensuality. The vigor and self-denial of the country must now replenish the vitiated life of great cities, or vice predominates, and commerce and manufactures decline.

We find the same law working for American degradation which sapped the foundations of the cities whose names and ruins only are known to our time.

Oriental cities grew mighty and magnificent at the expense of the country. The reckless expenditure which brightened their splendor, impoverished the soil, and enslaved the husbandman, if not among their own people, among those who, weak in arms, purchased peace with oil, and wines, and grains.

The legitimate growth of towns and cities springs from the healthful development of the country. The farmer finds a market in town for the rewards which nature bestows upon his embrowning toil; yet naturally he is independent of the town, while it is necessarily dependent upon him; indeed, remotely or immediately, it is an outgrowth of his skill and energy.

A correct business system requires town, city, and country, and the equalization of their relations must be the happiest possible condition. If this be true of business, it is pre-eminently true of society. What is right in this regard for trade, is right for morals and enjoyment. Preponderance of rude, heavy life, influences a people to become boorish, stolid, if not stupid. Preponderance of easy, luxurious life, promotes vice, and crime, and selfishness, and vanity; and their residuum is purse-pride. Life in the country is not necessarily boorish; life in the city is not necessarily vicious; but, in general terms, it is true of American society that the country is earnest, rude, and generous—the city, selfish and finished, egotistic, sensual, superficial. The selfishness of the city and the rudeness of the country—excepting those instances of oppressive poverty which dictate the line of a man's life—have, in a large degree, the same origin—more influential regard for whim, prejudice, or avarice, than for reason and general usefulness.

Whatever promotes facility of intercourse, social and commercial, between city and country, improves society, and augments business power. The health and honesty of farms and shops rebuke the dissipation and hollow pretension of

counting-houses and parlors; the quick mental perception and genteel bearing of city circles stimulate the partakers in a picnic, an apple-paring, or a husking-frolic; consequently, morals and education have joint interest with trade in the commingling of our people. Those iron rails which connect our villages with each other, and with the great cities, and which, brightened by the friction of rapidly-revolving wheels, shine along our streams and across our fields, invite wedding-parties—if not runaway matches—and though they bring around to us the circus, and the Ethiopian minstrels, they do not keep away the great singers and the great speakers; though they bring fat women, and monster babies, and woolly horses, they do not refuse to carry ennobling works of art, nor superior-toned pianos, nor select libraries.

Now, if different circles of society, enjoying facility of intercourse, neglect what will add to man's ability and inspire noble culture—neither avoid each other's follies and vices, nor adopt each other's virtues, but emulate each other's vanity, it is plain that extravagant display and hollow-hearted pretension will usurp the place of good taste and honest intercourse. Neither morals, intelligence, nor enterprise, can be expected of social circles which are satirized in the French fable of *Two Donkeys*. Traveling together

"Each in his turn
Did incense to the other burn."
Said one,
"My lord, as for your song,
Such wonders to its notes belong,
The nightingale is put to shame."
"My lord," the other ass replied,
"Such talents in *yourself* reside,
Of asses all the joy and pride!"

What is the lesson signified to him who, with opportunity for liberal observation in city and country, thoughtfully studies our social needs?

I answer, that the city shall enforce the nobility of productive labor; that the country shall enforce the usefulness and beauty of refinement.

The farmer who would imbue his sons and daughters with the dignity and repose of agricultural independence, must not only teach them to work, but he must afford them opportunity to become acquainted with, and frequently enjoy the social and intellectual privileges which town or city command.

The mechanic, and merchant, and doctor, and lawyer, who would preserve their sons and daughters from the indolence and dissipation—from the pride and selfishness which the temptation and strife of the town or city encourage, must purify their own lives, dignify their pursuits according

to a standard of worth instead of wealth, and practically teach that idleness is vice—industry virtue.

Contemplate a picture. It is of a plow-boy in a rough field. He is very weary—weary in soul as well as body. When the rays of the declining sun fall aslant the furrows he has turned, he is glad. Why? He can quit work and steal away from home in the gloom of night, to read about the great city, whose wharves touch the Ohio river, or are washed by the waves of the Atlantic Ocean—the city which has a theater open every night—which has shows every day—the city where men get rich very quick, and wear fine clothes, and ride in handsome carriages. It is a fairy place in his imagination, and he resolves that he will go to it. He loves his mother and he respects his father; but he has no engaging books, no congenial society at home. Ever since he was a small boy, the prospect of unresting toil has lain before him, and his parents have rarely given him opportunity to gladden his life, or correct his opinions by observation in the thronging world about which he dreams and wonders. He is an active, intelligent boy. He has been a few winter months to the district school, and he thinks he could rise in the world if he were a city boy. He does not indulge an ambition to draw molasses or measure tape, but hopes that he could find active employment in one of the great stores or shops about which he has read in his neighbor's newspaper.

He talks all this over with his mother, and she tells him "he musn't think of such things;" but he can not sleep for thinking. He takes no counsel, asks no advice; but, in the depths of his ignorance, determines to desert his home. He would like to bid his mother good-by, but he is afraid she would detain him, and at night he turns away from his father's house, to pursue a phantom, which, in all probability, will grow less and less distinct as time advances, and finally dissolve in thin air, leaving its pursuer to be classed among those luckless adventures whom a plain-spoken farmer described, when, deploring the speculating tendencies of one of his sons, he said, "Ben could not get along in a city, because he tried to make a living by his wits, and always failed for the want of capital."

Look now upon another picture. It is of a boy taking a late breakfast in a city mansion. He was at the theater last night. While he sips his coffee, he languidly reads a criticism upon the performance, wherein is glowingly described the step and tone, and glittering robe of an actress, who, mated, but not married, even under protest,

has wedded histrionic genius to the personation of dissolute scenes which typify her own private career. Twenty years ago that boy's father was a porter in a city store. By industry and frugality he acquired a little capital, and, with the advice of his employer, he made a fortunate investment. He has now an income of \$10,000 a year, and an only son. He is determined that this boy shall not suffer the deprivations which imbibed his own early life, and he has encouraged him to become a snob before he has become a voter. His father designs that he shall "rise" in some learned profession; but, "smelling of insolence and musk," the boy declares Blackstone a bore, and patronizes the billiard saloon. His father knows what fashionable education costs, but the boy knows neither mental restraint nor moral culture, and when the old man, beginning to decline in life, would take pride in his son as a useful citizen, he finds, alas! too late, that his hope is not only in a snob, but in a gambler and a drunkard.

Broken-hearted, the old man dies, and leaves his son to astonish the world for a few years, in lavish expenditure of a princely fortune, and become then a member of that "society of American gentlemen" which was fitly represented at the Mayor's office, in Cincinnati, by a young man who, having been found drunk in the street, was arrested for vagrancy. On being asked by the Police Judge, "What is your occupation?" he replied, "Sir, I follow no occupation; I have been the victim of many misfortunes, but, thank God! I have never been degraded to the necessity of resorting to any plebeian occupation for a support!"

These are not tinted pictures. They exhibit extreme, but not infrequent phases of life. The shrewd observer may every day, in city and country, detect influences which lead to such extremity. The city career I have depicted, is the culmination of what the runaway plow-boy envied and sighed for; the country father is a representative of severity without judgment—the city father of indulgence without discretion. Between them stand a numerous host who, by envy on the one side and pride on the other, corrupt our social system.

American ingenuity relieves mind and muscle every day from dull drudgery in a thousand channels. Common work is more and more widely accomplished, by thought, in machinery; consequently, intelligent labor is dignified, but occupations are continually changing. From this unresting revolution in work springs increasing impetus to town and city life.

The village shoe-shop loses its custom, because the city company can sell cheaper, and the shoe-

maker must become a storekeeper—change his occupation or seek employment in the great factory. Life in factories makes machines of men and women, unless wisdom gives them pastime and encourages jovial intercourse. Against capital society has, in this regard, a great duty. The demand for its exercise is not yet an absorbing one, but it grows with new machinery, and with the increase of population.

An observer of the tyranny of routine labor unrelieved by intelligence, Wordsworth, the poet, said:

"Our life is turned

Out of her course whenever man is made
An offering or a sacrifice—a tool
Or implement, a passive thing employed
As a brute mean, without acknowledgment
Of common right or interest in the end,
Used or abused as selfishness may prompt.
Say, what can follow for a rational soul
Perverted thus, but weakness in all good,
And strength in evil?"

We must take care that we do not regard men who work with machinery as belonging to its wheels and cranks, its levers and valves; otherwise our boasted progress will serve to degrade the mass of men, and make tyrants of the few. We want a moral sentiment, heroic in self-denial, to counteract extremes forced upon us by what we call the spirit of improvement; that spirit makes nicer and nicer, narrower and narrower division of labor, so that the attention of multitudes of working-men and of working women is not given to calculation and contrivance for the application of principles in the construction of even a boot, a hat, a coat, or a wagon, but to the picking up of pegs which a machine has made—to the holding of a sole while a machine drives the pegs—to the turning of cloth while a machine sews the coat—to the watching of a spoke while a machine turns it. Business demanding this occupation with fragments—giving the mass of men and women neither scope nor verge for thought in their employments—because, in whatever rapidity of progress the few only can be inventors and managers—society must provide opportunity for contemplation—in self-defense take care that men become not, at home as well as at work, mere mechanized automatons.

The thinker should be often a worker, and the worker often a thinker over and above his employment; and society must alike consider and respect the worker and the thinker—must give them both fair credit for what they are, and what they do, because, to express a common truism, it is only by thought that labor can be made happy,

and only by labor that thought can be made healthy.

It was in view of this practical philosophy that I said the great social lesson to be taught in America was, *for the city*, the dignity and propriety of labor, the moral influence of industry; *for the country*, the comfort and profit of beauty, the moral influence of refinement.

Speculation and dissipation—hot competition and selfish strife, waste life in the city. The country must replenish that waste. The sacrifice is too great. There should be a reciprocity of supply and demand between city and country.

Young blood is hot for the rush and roar of the thronged avenue—it cares more for intellectual activity than quiet enjoyment; but there is a period when mind and body are outworn with panting eagerness or tainting luxury. Rural life invites repose, and then the weary heart and brain are refreshed with rills, and fields, and flowers.

The quiet pursuits of husbandry come at the close of an active life, as does the Sabbath at the end of a laborious week, but the taste for them must be established before all the elasticity of the heart has been crushed out by the narrowing influence of traffic. There is virtue for social regeneration, therefore, in the sentiment which encourages the man of business to retire, before age overtakes him, from the office, or the shop, or the counting-house, to the farm. Plain nature rebukes the aristocracy of display. Shams do not win her blessings—she acknowledges no pretensions. She is subservient to no precedents but those which are substantiated by industry; yet she will respond always to the spirit of beauty, and will gladden and purify whatever soul honestly seeks to commune with her.

When farmers are men of taste, and men of taste aspire to be farmers, with our facilities of intercourse between city and country, speculative pursuits will be regarded as furnaces of affliction, through which a man will only undertake to pass, in hope of happy life thereafter. Agriculture in its different branches will take its just rank as the most desirable and dignified of human occupations. Common-sense economy for the saving of the means with which to enjoy its delights, will characterize circles in which the aristocracy of display now encourages frivolous dissipation and vain extravagance. All will not win its blessings—its satisfactory repose, perhaps to a majority, may be denied; but it will be nobler to struggle for the hope of that repose than for adulation over diamonds or dinners, over silks or servants, over furniture or equipage, and the general character of society necessarily will be improved.

TWO PORTRAITS.

BY EFFIE JOHNSON.

I HAVE a beautiful picture gallery hung around with landscapes of surpassing loveliness, and with portraits of the noble, the gifted, and the beautiful. Among the most cherished of these portraits are some from whose rugged and unhandsome features the *soul beauty* beams forth like the flashing rays of the uncut diamond. A musical hall is connected therewith, where, when my soul is weary with the jarring and confusion of this noisy, bustling world, I may retire and soothe its restless throbbings, by the combined influence of harmony and beauty. The "great Artist" himself presented me with these invaluable gifts; and you have already guessed that the name of this hall is "Memory," and that the music which has such power to soothe my troubled spirit, is the never-forgotten melody of kind, loving voices which shall thrill upon my ear evermore. The portraits, too, upon which I gaze with so much devotion and love, are of many who have gone to dwell in that land of whose beauty we have heard, that the brightest scenes of this are but as the faintest shadow.

Yet not all of these are dwellers in that beautiful land. The portraits I shall present you with to-day, gentle reader, are of those about whose footsteps the dust of earthly conflicts yet linger. One is a lovely young maiden—scarce eighteen summers have lent their glow to the rose-tint of her cheek, or rounded the graceful outlines of her slight and delicate form. There seems to be a slight dash of haughtiness in the curve of those finely chiseled lips, and in the glance of that dark, brilliant eye; but this is only imaginary, as you will see if you will go with me to the class-room, where, when the followers of Jesus meet to speak of his love, and to strengthen each other in the pilgrimage to that "better country," this young disciple may always be found. You will mark the drooping of those long fringed eyelashes, and the look of quiet decision which rests over that fair young face, as she speaks of the love of a compassionate Savior, in calling her from "the flowery paths of worldly pleasure, into the straight and narrow way" which leadeth unto life, and of her determination to walk therein evermore.

You will mentally exclaim—and with truth too—there is one whom the allurements of the world, the temptations of the enemy, or the storms of persecution will never turn aside from the path of duty. How pleasant the sight when youth, beauty, talent, are all laid at the feet of

their rightful Sovereign—Jesus! Beautiful Aggy, the sunshine of happiness beams brightly around thy pathway, yet we tremble for thee as for some frail flower which the frosts of death shall wither ere thou hast reached thy life's bright noon.

Will old age suffer in comparison with youth and loveliness—venerable old age, whose silver locks are as a crown of glory, because found in the way of righteousness? Then let me introduce to you "father P." You will bow instinctively, even before you have heard him speak, and think what a privilege to sit at the feet of such a one, and learn from his rich and varied experience lessons that will fit us to live rightly and truly. He is tall and nobly formed, with a slight stoop about the shoulders, which harmonizes well with the silver hair that adorns his broad, massive forehead, and the air of meekness and benignity which characterizes his entire countenance.

With what patriarchal dignity and simplicity he pronounces the benediction upon the waiting congregation, who feel, as the deep, full tones of his voice fall upon their ear, and they see his swimming eyes raised to heaven, that the blessing of the Triune God does indeed rest upon them! To be honored by his presence at your fireside, is a rare privilege. He will tell you of the early days of Methodism; half a century ago he fought her battles, and his eye kindles, and his cheek glows as he fights these battles o'er again, when the power of the Highest rested down upon the people, and they fell like leaves before the autumn wind, and the wail of the convicted sinner, and the songs of the redeemed went up together before the throne.

Although retired from active service, he is the firm and valued friend of the itinerant. His large and valuable library is open at their pleasure. The choicest works of the English language are found here. Here, indeed, our noble old friend is building his monument. "I would gather a library," he says, "which will do my children good when I am gone. I would not leave upon my shelves a work the thought of which shall give me pain upon my dying bed." Works of divinity, history, biography, poetry, etc., abound here, while every thing offensive to the purest taste is carefully banished. Impure thoughts and sentiments, although they may be clad in the most gorgeous drapery by the hand of genius, can find no place here. Is not this a noble ambition? When the venerable form of our friend is lying beneath the clouds of the valley, the good and the gifted ones, whom he has gathered beneath his roof, shall mutually teach his children those holy lessons which it was his life-work to inculcate.

It is beautiful to witness the humility which characterizes this honored servant of God. He will speak to you in thrilling tones of the times of the sainted "Hedding," of his bosom friend, the devoted "Garretson," of the pious yet eccentric "Hibbard," of the gentle-spirited "Giles," of the genial humor of the departed "Gary," and of the hosts of others, whose memory is as "precious ointment poured forth," and then he will, with his dark eyes swimming with tears, wonderingly exclaim, "How great is the goodness and merciful condescension of our God toward me, his unworthy servant, in sparing my unprofitable life while all these have been called away!"

Notwithstanding a life of labors which has been crowned by the conversion of scores, perhaps hundreds of deathless spirits, he says, "If I am ever permitted to walk the pearly streets of the New Jerusalem, it will only be through the merits of my crucified Redeemer."

While we are permitted to sit at the feet of this venerable disciple, and listen to the words of truth which fall from his lips, we prize our privileges all the more highly, as knowing that they must be brief, for "passing away" is written on all we love here below.

Is it any marvel that these portraits, so different, yet bearing the impress of the same Eternal beauty, should occupy a niche in the inner temple of the picture gallery of my heart? The temple in which they are enshrined shall crumble into dust, yet these shall shine in fadeless beauty in the kingdom of our Father.

—•••— ELOQUENCE AND POWER IN PRAYER.

THERE is this fact—that a most wonderful power in the exercise of devotion is possessed by different men. Like all the gifts of grace, it is regulated by a law of its own, and no man can understand the principle of its development, or the law of its molding, but the man who studies the Bible, and enters heartily in private into the spirit and power of Christianity. It certainly does not depend on a splendid imagination, or vast learning, or natural eloquence, or lofty genius. Those who have this distinction, sometimes in the greatest measure, have it almost as their only distinction. The philosopher and the peasant, the mightiest monarch and the fettered slave, are here exactly on a level. Young children, untutored artisans, just reclaimed prodigals, have displayed this sort of eloquence in prayer, which, to believing hearts, has often seemed like the music of heaven.

SOMA AND PSYCHE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "RAIN ON THE ROOF."

SOMA.

We are traveling together
A long way, O my soul!
So thick the whirled years roll
That I recollect not whether
We have always been together;
But this I surely know:
We shall break this wondrous tether—
When I shall stay, and thou shalt go.
Thou shalt go, but, O! go whither?
Me, all the weight of doom
Is on me, and the gloom
Gathers fast as I draw thither
Where we part; but tell me whither
Thou fliest on that dread day?
Will thou ever come back hither?
All this, and more, O say, Soul, say!

PSYCHE.

As the moon is dead and dark
When the sun is up ablaze,
So shall thou be cold and stark
When I burn in glory's rays.
On the other side of death
There, I know, is gorgeous light;
For on this side glimmereth
Hope's much starlight, clear and bright.
There is beauty! there is love!
There is immortality!
There is bliss! But life above
Is for thee a mystery.
Ear of earth and eye of clay
Can not hear and can not see;
I shall go, and thou shalt stay!
More than this is not for thee.

LIGHT BEYOND.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

WEARILY, drearily roll the years along;
Mournfully, bitterly flows my dirge-like song;
Life is but a heavy load,
Sing its joys who may;
Rough and rugged is its road,
Dark its tear-stained way.
Fearfully, doubtfully, through the falling tears,
Onward strain our longing eyes toward the coming years;
Hope, with her beguiling voice,
Whispering sweet and clear,
"Earth-worn traveler, rejoice!
Pleasant rest is near."
Harmlessly, cheerlessly, let her whispers fall;
Having learned their teaching, let us doubt them all;
Fair enchantress though she be,
Bright and gay as fair,
All her words are mockery—
Light as empty air.
Steadily, dauntlessly pressing on our way,
We at last shall hail the dawn of a brighter day.
There is light beyond the cloud,
And beyond the storm;
High above its murky shroud
Glow the sunshine warm.

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SUMMER NOON.

BY J. FUMMILL.

How silent sleeps the silvery lake!
No wave disturbs its shining breast;
Nor sound is heard in tree or brake—
All Nature is at rest.
The birds, retired from noonday heat,
Sit silent in the leafy bower;
Great Nature's pulse has ceased to beat—
So still the neontide hour!
The plowman from his toil repairs,
The forest's cooling shade to woo,
Where earth a fairer aspect wears,
And heaven a calmer blue.
Thus let ME seek the silent grove,
Where rills sing sweetly to the trees,
And roses, in their generous love,
Give fragrance to the breeze.
Reclining on some mossy seat,
Let Contemplation be my friend:
Say, is not summer's fervid heat
Designed for some good end?
Let no complaining mortal rail
'Gainst Him who made the earth and skies:
This withering noon by One was sent
Whose ends are always wise.

SPRING.

BY CARRIE M. CONGDON.

I HEAR a robin's note
Upon the soft air float;
I hear the gentle rustle
Of spring-time's early breeze;
I know the buds are swelling
On all the forest trees.
More soft, more richly bright,
The warm sun's golden light
Falls through my curtained window
Upon my drooping brow;
For Spring, with all her sunshine,
Advanceth even now.
The blossoms fair will rise,
Lifting their dewy eyes,
Like star-gems in the meadow;
And in the forest nook,
On every grassy hillock,
And by each warbling brook.
Yet weak, still weak, I lie;
The sapphire of the sky,
And spring-time's breezy freshness
Call me to rise, in vain;
For I am weak and weary,
And bound by restless pain.

TIME'S CHANGES.

THE rolling wheel, that often runneth round,
The hardest steel in course of time doth tear,
And drizzling drops, that often do rebound,
The firmest flint will in continuance wear.

GRAZIER LIFE IN NEW GRANADA.

THE believers in "manifest destiny" tell us that the day is not far in the future when the stars and stripes will float in triumph over every part of America, north and south; and all the nations of the western continent will be united in one great confederation, moved by one impulse and governed by one head. We do not profess to believe in all this. In fact, our confederation seems already, as it is, full large, and, so far as *governing* is concerned, it would, we fancy, require a head much larger and better developed than any which has heretofore come under the notice of our most indefatigable phrenologists, to govern peacefully, profitably, and harmoniously, the people of two continents, three zones, and half a dozen languages, or dialects.

Nevertheless, this is an age of wonder, and it behooves us to exercise caution, not in believing, but in disbelieving. He that has the largest amount of faith is like to be called the greatest prophet among us; while the doubter, especially the doubter in "manifest destiny," is smiled down as an "old fogey."

Well, if we are to include South America in the confederation, it is necessary for us to make ourselves better acquainted with its country, climate, and people than we have heretofore been. To a people like the Americans, indeed, the study of geography, taking the word in its most extended sense, should be as pleasant as it is useful. We do not know, indeed, what moment some out-of-the-way spot, but yesterday heard of for the first time, shall be nationally ours. We can not tell how soon a new people will enroll themselves under our banner. Let us observe, parenthetically, and with all proper respect to the most ultra annexationist, that the aforementioned operation, of enrollment, should be, by all means, spontaneous on the part of the *enrollers*.

But to the subject of our present article, which we beg the conservative reader to believe, has really nothing to do with fillibusterism. New Granada is one of the most flourishing of the South American states. It is a state concerning which much more should be known to Americans than has been heretofore; and this because its people seem susceptible of improvement, of a higher stage of civilization than they have yet attained to; and, fillibustering aside, we firmly believe it to be the mission of the people of the United States, by means of their civil and commercial relations, to spread abroad among our neighbor nations on the continent that enlightened civilization which has profited us so much.

Mr. Holton, a recent American traveler in New Granada, has done his country service, by the publication of an interesting volume, detailing his observations on the botany, geology, and topography of that state, as well as the manners, and customs, and modes of life of the people. We propose to make a few extracts from his volume,* and must preface these by stating that the author is a zealous botanist, whose attention, to use his own words, while pursuing his botanical researches, "was directed more particularly to New Granada, by the scantiness of botanical information on a region so profusely rich in plants." In fulfillment of a vehement desire to fill this void in botanical knowledge, and to see with his own eyes the region and people of a perpetual summer, he went to New Granada. The result of his twenty months' tour is an interesting volume of some six hundred pages.

The first necessity of a traveler in New Granada Mr. Holton thinks to be a new name—one, namely, which the natives of those parts shall be able to pronounce. *Holton* was always a mystery to them; and *Isaac* was worse. Those of our readers who may at some future time journey Bogota-ward may take warning, and upon entering the New Granadian territory, take unto themselves some such easily pronounced name as Esteban Hemengildo, or Joaquin Antonio, or Manuel Elaterio. Having settled this needful preliminary, our traveler, botanizing fervently all the while, managed amid diverse adventures, some amusing to writer as well as reader, some amusing chiefly to the listener—to reach Cartago—a place of which the houses are large and poorly furnished, the streets half deserted, the men lazy, the young ladies pretty, the old ladies—with due respect be it said—ugly, and the fleas—Mr. Holton devotes a page to the Cartagonian fleas; and although the subject is not the fittest for these pages, yet as these fleas seem to have been the liveliest and most remarkable inhabitants of the place, we must extract part of this page.

"I can not take leave of Cartago," says Mr. Holton, "without mentioning the most numerous and by far the most active part of its population. The flea is a beautiful object when secured in balsam between two plates of glass for the microscope. Trained to drag a chain or to draw a carriage, as these little hexapods are said to have been, they are worthy the attention of the curious. But to all these good qualities there are two drawbacks. One is his nullibiquity—*nirgendheit*, our

* New Granada: Twenty Months in the Andes. By Isaac F. Holton. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856.

German cousins would call it—his *nowhereness* when you put your finger on him; and the other is the hardness of his cuirass. It would take me till night to tell you of all the adventures which have taught me the extent of these qualities. One time I will 'put my finger on him' really. I crush him, ruin him, pulverize him, and take up my finger to feast my eyes on his mangled carcass, when, lo! he bounds off eight hundred times his own length, and I can almost fancy a tiny, derisive laugh at the idea of his getting a broken leg or sprained ankle so easily.

"Another time I wet my finger before I put it on him. He shall not fool me so. I rub him till I have broken every bone in his body, and almost the bones of my finger besides. I stop and deliberate whether I will let him up yet. No; I will make assurance doubly sure by giving him one more crushing. Then I take my finger off, and lo! 'he is not there!' But no mortal can stave off his fate; so I find recorded in my diary, 'Paila, June 9, 1853. Had a capital day. Dreamed of home last night; had recent beef for dinner; got a new plant; caught a butterfly, and killed a flea.' The flea that died that day doubtless met an accidental death; but at Cartago I was, by incessant practice, initiated into the art of flea-catching. I killed dozens of them. It was almost worth a journey there. Once I went down to La Vieja to bathe. I turned my clothes inside out, and with un pitying eye saw no less than six ejected far from any house, to take their chances of the weather. All the way home I was sole tenant of my clothes."

Enough of fleas. Let us leave Cartago, and journey toward the grazing region. After sundry adventures "by flood and field," our traveler arrives at a cattle farm. "The hacienda extends from Las Canas river to the river Murillo. The width is seven miles. Its length, from the Cauca to the summit of the Quindio, may be thirty miles, and the whole can not contain less than five hundred square miles, and may well be a thousand. During the good old regime of tyranny, when prosperity was the lot of the rich, and unrequited labor that of the poor, the hacienda is said to have boasted thirty-six thousand cows and eight hundred mares; now the mares are greatly reduced in number, and the cows can not be a tithe of what they were."

This happens to be one of the estates in ancient times mortgaged to departed souls, and—such is the selfishness of living man—in consequence prospering very poorly.

"Two hundred years ago a dying Sanmartin bequeathed this property to the souls in purga-

tory, and, till lately, it has been in dead hands, 'manos muertas,' from which, I suppose, comes the French word mortmain. It was fixed that the stewardship of the land should descend, on nearly the same principles that a crown does, from his eldest son downward. None of his descendants, as a steward—mayordomo—had power to sell or divide. Nor was it a mere honor. The estate was to yield so many masses per annum, at \$1.60 each, and all that the property yielded over this was the steward's. This excess of revenue became at length so great that the stipulated sum to go for masses came to be considered as a sort of tax, and the steward, as the owner, subject only to this irrevocable annual payment.

"This arrangement was designed to keep this estate, as large as a county, perpetually undivided and in the hands of one man. Republicanism might protest against the arrangement, but it would be sacrilege to change it.

"But I have not told all. A previous Sanmartin, the grandfather of him that deeded this domain to the use of the toasted inmates of purgatory, and for the benefit of the priests, pledged it and incumbered it with ten masses a year for the same benevolent object. The person who was to receive the \$16 per annum was the capellan, and the incumbrance was a capellania. These words have the same basis as chaplain and chaplaincy, but the meaning is quite different. If the capellan has too many masses to say, he may hire another to say them, and if he can hire them for less than \$16, he may put the balance in his pocket. Nay, the capellan need not be a priest, and a capellania is a piece of property as well as a stewardship. And the Sanmartin who originated the mayorazgo, as the right of stewardship is called, settled on his other son a capellania of \$160, which has come somehow into the hands of my friend Ramon Gonzalez."

There are quite a number of houses, of course, upon so vast an estate. Our traveler, ever welcome among the country people, and especially the ladies—one of these said to him that "if he were only a Christian [Catholic] he would be the greatest saint she had ever seen"—found pleasant accommodations, and seems to have "spread himself," if we may use the term, considerably.

"The house, as usual, contains no inner doors, though there may be said to be two rooms and a passage. Two beds are located in the passage, and the inner room, that serves us inuch for sitting-room and study by day, is the principal dormitory at night. My hammock requires more space. I attach one cord to the roof in the inner room, and the other passes out at the top of the

outer door, and is fastened to a post of the piazza; so I occupy the whole house, though bodily I sleep alone in the outer room, or sala.

"The children's beds were mere rugs to lie on, and a blanket apiece to wrap themselves in like a cocoon. The motherly Clementina, the oldest girl, wound up the little boy with her. Of course, they denude themselves utterly before wrapping up. I had the impudence to ask the children if the young ladies did the same," and they said yes. The females eat at the table after we leave it. I have managed to eat with them once or twice; but they prefer that I should be at the first table.

"The chief exports of this tract are young bulls, young horses, and hogs. The latter are raised by the inhabitants of the river forest, the others by the family. Some of the tenants owe personal service for rent. This is generally rendered on Friday and Saturday, and most of it performed on horseback. The others pay a ground-rent of from \$1.60 to \$3.20 per annum. All have their *estancias*, or fields, in the forest. They contain from half an acre to two acres, inclosed by an elliptical or circular fence of split *guaduas*. Those who live in the open lands have quite a distance to go to their fields; but as they work only occasionally it makes little difference.

"Cacao orchards—*cacaguales*—are also found in the forest; but they are not numerous. People have hardly forethought enough to plant any thing that will be so slow in yielding returns. The platana yields ripe fruit in about a year, and may be kept up indefinitely; but when the fence is thoroughly rotted down, they prefer beginning in a new place.

"A few bags are made from *cabuya*, and one man braids *jipijapa* hats; but nothing probably is made and sold off the hacienda, and all articles of clothing are imported, not excepting *alpargates* even."

Come we now to the actual business of the grazier—the taking care of the horses and cattle, or rather, as they would say, of "the mares and cows," these being the only kind taken into account as stock. Of course, the animals roam at will, and in a half-wild state, about the plains and meadows of the estate; each herd, however, having its peculiar haunts. The business of the grazier is to keep the run of his herd; to drive them into corral about once a week, and examine each individual, applying remedies to those who are ailing, and marking, by ear-mark or brand, those who have not previously undergone that operation. The outfit of a *vaquero*, or herdsman, is a very simple affair. The horse itself is highly

trained, easily guided, and perfectly self-possessed and gentle. The bridle is home-made, and of raw hide. The bit is a most formidable affair, with which a man could almost break a horse's jaw. It is no wonder that the poor beast turns at the slightest movement of the hand, and stops short in the midst of a gallop, almost as though shot.

"The saddle is a study for an anatomist. The *cojinetes* are a cover over the whole, made of a leather resembling buckskin. It is often padded, and embroidered with silk. It has two huge pockets, each capable of containing a pair of shoes, or \$200 in silver. Removing the *cojinetes*, we come to a surface of hard leather—the *coraza*. This takes off: under it you see three straps of raw-hide passing over the saddle in three distinct directions, and uniting in a ring on each side. The girth consists of twisted raw-hide, passing several times from the ring on the off-side to another ring. It is adjusted by passing a thong four times between this last ring and the one on the near side. This thong is drawn tight enough, and tied in a peculiar knot. Under the girth-straps is yet a third cover, which takes off, and leaves the saddle a skeleton of wood and iron, padded on the under side. Across the middle of this skeleton—saddle-tree (*fuste*)—passes a strong strap, fastened in the center by a string of leather passing many times through the strap and the saddle-tree, sewing them together. Both ends of the strap are pierced with holes to buckle on the stirrups. The stirrup-leathers are imported. The best stirrups are the slipper form of brass or wood. Common stirrups—*de aro*—are used, or even a stick of wood supported by two strings. The crupper is like ours; but, besides this, the *vaquero's* saddle should have an *arretranca* to enable the horse to hold back without straining the girth. Beneath the saddle, and to protect it and the horse, is placed a *sudadero*; it is a mat of rushes, a rug, or, at worst, an old sack folded. Saddle, bridle, *sudadero*, stirrups, and halter—*jaquima*—constitute a *montura*. A traveler here ought always to own his *montura*, and watch it well. Horses, cows, and goats will eat his *sudadero*, and dogs will eat all the rest but the tanned leather, wood, and iron; of these last, including the contents of the *cojinetes*, the peons will rob him; his clothes are victimized by the wash-women, and his skin by musketoes, fleas, and *niguas*. Happy is he if he can save his bones and his conscience—particularly the latter—undamaged, and, leaving his cash and much of his flesh, return to his native land with his credit and his constitution."

All being mounted, the party sally forth in search of the herd of horses. The object is to drive the entire herd into a corral, where they can be kept till all are examined. The horses are surrounded, and gradually driven toward the corral's mouth. But some of the more spirited animals, seeing the prison near, attempt an escape; whereupon ensues a race, and a battle sometimes, the lasso generally, however, bringing the fugitive to his senses. Mr. Holton says:

"I think the idea we have of skill in the use of the lasso is exaggerated. Even in the corral it is well to catch five horses at ten throws. One assured me that one hundred throws would catch eighty or ninety horses. The next six throws caught but one. Still, the noose and the lash, the bow and the gun, are the four instruments by which man holds his title to rule over the animal world.

"The moment a broken horse finds his head is your aim, he tries to mingle it with others, and holds it particularly near the fence. As you approach he at length starts and runs with all his might for the other side of the corral. You throw the noose as he is going from you. The moment it touches his neck he stops short. He is as tame as a girl caught in blind-man's-buff. A colt, on the other hand, when he finds you are aiming at him, is wrought to desperation. When caught, he runs and chokes himself in the noose; he flounders and throws himself on the ground, but all in vain. The hand of man, ever a terror to him, must approach his throat before his stertorous breathing, like that of a man in a fit, can be relieved.

"The horses are shut in with bars—*trancas*—of gradua, and we sally forth in long procession for cows. The tame band are near in the open plain. With a long circuit we get ready to slip between them and the forest. 'Examine girths,' says Christobal, who has command. Every head is bent down. Some dismount. 'All ready!' The head of the column dashes forward at a gallop, and soon a line of some thirty horsemen, at distances from three to ten rods apart, extends between the herd and their wonted refuge. We advance, and the cows, with a general lowing, proceed peaceably but rapidly in the desired direction.

"Suddenly a cow, with head erect, and tail horizontal and rigid, breaks our line at full gallop for the thicket. Two horsemen start in pursuit, and she soon finds a noose about her head. When she has run the length the guasca permits, her head can go no further, and her body is unwilling to stop. She falls, and is not disposed to rise.

One vaquero approaches, carefully keeping out of the circle of which the tightened guasca is the radius and his companion the center. Whirling the end of his own guasca round and round suddenly, he brings it down like a slung-shot upon the poor rebel, and she starts to her feet. Still she will not move one step. He raises his foot, and drags his cruel spur along her back. She darts forward, and the horse of her leader, the moment he feels the guasca slacken, starts on, keeping one eye upon the movements of the cow. After zigzagging and floundering awhile, she waxes wroth, and assumes the aggressive upon her leader. Now she finds the other lasso about her horns, and each horseman keeps her from reaching the other. I have heard of a cow becoming so enraged as to drop down dead on the spot. Bulls are never so utterly furious.

"Meanwhile the herd, lowing and running, enter the corral, and move round and round, like a whirlpool filled with horns. Last comes the captive; but how shall we liberate her? He that takes a wolf by the ears should always consider first how he will fare when he quits his hold. To loose a cow takes more time than to catch her. A third man throws his noose so that it lays partly on her back and partly on the ground behind her. If she does not move of her own accord, he catches her by the tail and pulls. Either in yielding or resisting, she steps both feet over the guasca. It might then be drawn tight around the middle of her body. Instead of this, it is slipped off behind, and tightened about her heels, which are pulled back, and, with a slight push or pull, she falls. She is now helpless. I have seen a horse drag a cow in this manner by the heels into or out of a yard. Her head is safely approached, the lassos removed from it, and the horseman remounts. The slackened guasca permits her to bring her feet forward, and in separating them she opens the lasso. She springs upon her feet, reflects a second, makes a dash at a horseman, who eludes her. Shaking her horns, as if blaspheming in her heart, she runs off to the herd, who are thus taught that the way of the transgressor is hard.

"Now begins the business of the day. What calf has not his ear-mark? What youngster of two months has not his little brand on his cheek? What yearling not branded for life on his side? A lasso on his head, another on his heels. A fire is burning by the division fence, and the irons are hot.

"Now comes the turn of the horses. They are subject to many more infirmities than the cows, are of more value per head, and, besides,

are to be trained. Hence, they are reviewed much oftener and more carefully. Owing to this, they are not so wild.

"This life would not be without its perils were not the *vaquero* so tough. He is riding at full gallop, and his horse puts his foot into a deep hole covered with grass. He comes to the ground as from a rail-car. He picks up his *guasca*, and, if his cow has not got clear, off he starts again in the chase. His girth breaks when he has a bull tied to the pommel of his saddle. He manages to escape unharmed. I have known but one serious accident, the dislocation of a shoulder-joint.

"Both horse and rider enjoy the sport highly. It is severe sport for the horse, who will injure himself before showing any sign of flagging.

"A curious scene closes the rodeo. A *vaquero* catches a wild colt which he is to break. He manages, amid his struggles, to exchange the *guasca* for a halter, and binds the infuriate youngster securely to the tail of his horse, who goes homeward from the corral with the meek resignation of a deacon who has a dissipated son.

"I have not seen the process of breaking. The young reprobate, unlike his biped prototype, grows more and more tractable, and at length leads submissively. He is then led in the same way when mounted, and feeling that his head is not his own, he does not try to defend his right to his back. The horse with which the colt is placed in such intimate relations is called his godfather—*padrino*. Beating and brutality are no part of the system."

In such labors, more than half sport to the active *vaquero*, his life is passed; that is to say, his *business* life. If he were an Englishman or Yankee, he would have no other life. Being a Spaniard, he needs relaxation, and takes it in the shape of balls, fandangoes, festivals, and processions; at all which, Mr. Holton informs us, the priest of the parish takes a foremost part, claiming the prettiest Donna for the dance, and, where he is not too lazy, carrying off the prize in many of the sports of the festive day. The climate is mild, the necessities of the man are few, and his ignorance great; his indolence in direct proportion to his ignorance, and consequently his place in the scale of civilization low. It is a glorious country, Mr. Holton remarks—but, alas! the plantain grows everywhere, and supplies half the needs of the half-civilized portion of the community. The plantain seems likely, indeed, to be found, from its easiness of culture and large and sure yield, one of the chief obstacles to the advancement of agricultural and mechanical pursuits, in the intertropical regions of America. Altogether we should judge that

grazier life, even in New Granada, is not either the pleasantest or most improving mode of living; and that the *vaquero* is very little better than the Indian whom he has driven out.

LITERARY WOMEN OF AMERICA.

BY ALICE GARY.

EMILY C. JUDSON.

EMILY CHUBBUCK, afterward the wife of Dr. Judson, was born at Eaton, in the interior of New York, on the 22d of August, 1817. Her parentage and connections were of highly respectable character—poor in this world's goods, as is indicated by the early exertions of Emily to maintain herself. This course on her part, however, may have been, in some sort, at least, the suggestion of ambition, and the strong desire to make her own way in life, the maturer manifestations of which made her name, subsequently, familiar and beloved in so many of the households of her country.

The religious character, which led her afterward to sacrifice all earthly hopes for Christ's sake, became first quickened and developed in 1825, when she was yet a child—an experience illustrative of the poet's theory, that

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy."

In the April of 1828, when she was about eleven years old, her father removed with his family from Eaton to Pratt's Hollow—a small village where there was a woolen factory, in which she was employed during the residence of her family in the place. It is to be hoped that her labors there were not so arduous as to make the subjoined lines, which we can not help being reminded of, characteristic of what she felt and thought:

"Turns the sky in the high window, blank and reeling—
Turns the long light that droppeth down the wall—
Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling—
All are turning all the day, and we with all!
And all day the iron wheels are droning;
And sometimes we could pray,
O ye wheels—breaking out in a mad moaning—
Stop! be silent for a day!
Ah, be silent! let us hear each other breathing
For a moment, mouth to mouth;
Let us touch each other's hands in a fresh wrenching
Of our tender, human youth;
Let us feel that this cold, metallic motion
Is not all the life God fashions or reveals.
Let us prove our innocent souls against the notion
That we live in you, or under you, O wheels!
Still all day the iron wheels go onward,
As if fate in each were stark;
And the children's souls, which God is calling sunward,
Spin on blindly in the dark!"

But, however it may have been with her childhood, she will not, thank Heaven! spin on blindly in the dark through all her life, but come out of all the shadows into the full sunshine of perfect love, and the enjoyment of that great peace which only the really pious can estimate.

From Pratt's Hollow her father removed to a farm in the neighborhood of Morrisville, in the autumn of 1829, and for a couple of years, so far as we are able to learn, the time of our heroine was taken up with domestic and rural occupations.

An academy was at length opened in the house in which the family resided, and one of its earliest pupils was Emily Chubbuck. She had previously, it appears, been instructed in the more rudimental branches of education by an elder sister, and she now availed herself of the larger opportunities afforded her with an application and diligence which proved her sincere appreciation of them. Nor was she idle out of school. Before the hours of study began, and after they were over, she worked for a dress-maker of the village in order to earn the money which her tuition required. At this period she seldom slept till after midnight, and so much was her mind absorbed with her occupations that her dreams were mingled, not with the stars, as Wordsworth has it, but with thread and needles, French declensions, and mathematical problems.

Her constitution was not naturally very robust, and sleepless nights and laborious days began, before long, to make visible inroads upon it. The fears of her mother were aroused, a physician consulted, who advised the abandonment of books and study altogether. About this time one of the village milliners happening to need an apprentice, offered her the situation, and the suggestion of the desirableness of her acceptance of the offer, was made to her. Her own health made requisite some active employment, and underlying this were family exigencies demanding the immediate transformation of her time to profitable account; but the adoption of the suggested proposal would render impracticable schemes for her future which had secretly taken shape in her mind. These darling hopes she resolved not to give up without having first devoted all her energies to their support. Her plan was soon formed, as secretly as the hopes it was designed to cherish. She resolved to propose herself as a schoolmistress, and having disclosed her intention confidentially to the principal of the academy in which she had been a pupil, she received such substantial aid and comfort as proved the stepping-stone of success. Her plan was approved, and the most cordial assistance toward its fulfillment proffered. A

certificate of abilities and recommendation of character were placed in her hands by the principal, and, having concealed these precious diplomas, she sought and obtained permission to visit a friend in a neighboring town; her object being to present herself, with her credentials, to the School Committee, who were in want of a teacher, as an applicant. She was very young, scarcely more than fifteen, and her person so fragile and manner so diffident, as to leave small hope of success with an austere and exacting School Committee. There were, however, not only courage and confidence, but much actual ability and worth accompanying the shyness and youth, and showing through them, and above them; and notwithstanding some doubts on the part of the committee as to her accomplishments, and a little distrust as to whether she would be able to govern pupils, some of whom were older and larger than herself she was finally accepted, and returned home to tell the good news, and make preparations for her installment, with as much exultation, perhaps, as though she had taken a city. And it was no small triumph, indeed, considering the disadvantages under which she presented herself, and the deeply-cherished projects of ambition it was calculated to further. If it is true that coming events cast their shadows before, it is true also that realities are preceded by dreams, brighter sometimes than the experiences they herald; and such, doubtless, went before her like a beautiful light at this period of her life. With such stimulus she could hardly fail of success, nor did she. She seems, indeed, to have been eminently qualified for the situation which necessity thus threw in her way, and for eight or ten years subsequently to this engagement, continued to teach in various schools and academies. Meanwhile she herself, in the discharge of her duties was receiving an excellent discipline, besides which she took private lessons in Greek, mathematics, and all the higher departments in which she could find masters.

"Through these laborious and painful years," says her biographer, "in which she was continually an invalid, besides defraying her own expenses, she contributed much for the support of her family, who were subject to frequent misfortunes, and seemed to be without any of the tact necessary to success in the world." In the June of 1829 she sustained an irreparable loss in the death of her elder sister, Lavinia, and from this period may be dated her deep and growing interest in missionary operations. One affliction often seems to make room for another, and in 1831 the December snow was broken to make a grave for

her sister Harriet. The removal of these earthly hopes did not, however, darken her spiritual understanding—whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, she knew right well, and only clung the faster to the hand that led her through dark places.

In the July of 1834 she was baptized by the Rev. William Deem, and united with the Church at Morrisville. In the September following she returned home, and took her place in the narrowed circle. With cheerful resignation and firm adherence to duty she engaged in teaching a select school, giving the hours not thus employed to household cares, and all the time resigning her soul to peace. The discipline of sorrow through which she was now carried was more and more teaching her to lay up her treasures in heaven, where moth and rust do not corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal.

The experiment of the select school appears not to have succeeded, and in the December following its opening it was abandoned, and she became a private teacher in the family of Mr. William Moore, of Nelson. From this situation she was compelled to retire by declining health, in the succeeding February, and, her health not improving, she remained in comparative idleness through the following summer.

The spring of the next year was saddened to her by the emigration to Wisconsin of her brother Walker. This event was followed by her own removal to Brookfield, where she engaged in teaching, and was eminently useful and successful, having at one time under her charge about one hundred pupils. The same year another inroad was made upon the domestic circle by the marriage of her brother Benjamin. In the October following, by what circumstances influenced does not appear, she opened a school in Syracuse, and about this time her father's family removed to Hamilton, where they were overtaken by a series of misfortunes involving heavy losses, of a pecuniary sort.

In the April of 1838 she returned to Morrisville, and thence proceeded to Hamilton to teach, at the same time taking lessons in Greek under the instructions of Mr. Prentiss. The October succeeding she commenced teaching in the Morrisville academy, devoting the mornings and evenings to the study of mathematics, under the direction of the Rev. William Reed. In the spring of 1839 she was called on to encounter new and greater family troubles than ever, among them the illness of her mother, who, after dangerous prostration with brain fever, was attacked with inflammation of the lungs, which induced Emily to suspend school, and return home for a season.

As soon as might be she reopened school, but with health so enfeebled as to be scarcely fit for its duties. She went through them, however, for a few months, but in October her health was so broken and declining as to oblige her to close school altogether. After a few months' respite, her wasted energy recovering itself, and her health somewhat reviving, she was induced, by a very liberal offer, to take charge of a school in Pratt's Hollow, but gradually and steadily declining health obliged her to discontinue its duties in a few months and return home, which she did in a most debilitated condition that continued with little improvement throughout the following summer. The cooler airs of October once more invigorated her system, and revived the old hope and courage which had borne her through so many discouragements and trials; and desirous of fitting herself for still wider usefulness in the world, she turned a new leaf in the book of life, laid aside her vocation of teacher, and entered as a pupil the Utica Female Seminary. There her talents and virtues soon won for her the loving and admiring respect of all who came within the circle of her influence. So entirely did she gain the esteem and confidence of Miss Sheldon, the excellent and judicious head of the Seminary, that she offered her, very soon, the superintendence of the department of compositions, with a salary of one hundred and fifty dollars a year, besides her board.

For the first time in her life she now found herself sufficiently at leisure to devote some portion of the time to literary pursuits, for which she had long had a predilection, and in which she was destined to such distinguished honor and consideration. In the July of 1841 she published her first book in the city of New York. It was entitled, *Charles Linn; or, How to Observe the Golden Rule*. The first edition was disposed of in eleven weeks, at the end of which she received fifty-one dollars of copy-money. This work was followed by *The Great Secret*, *Effie Maurice*, *John Fricke*, *Allen Lucas*, and, I believe, one or two other books for youth. Her filial piety and generous disposition are shown in the disposal she made of the money thus acquired. She purchased a house and garden for her parents in the town of Hamilton, giving a mortgage for that portion of the payment which must be deferred, and experiencing, doubtless, a happiness more profound than she could have derived from any selfish appropriation of her earnings. She did good because her nature was pure, and she loved goodness for its own sake. Love and all charitableness were as naturally the growth of her being

as flowers are of the rose-tree, or grapes of the vine. No narrow egotism and no dark suspicion could ever have found room in her liberal and sunshiny soul. She was one of that excellent sisterhood of women who seem to come into the world endowed with every Christian virtue and grace, having nothing to prune away—nothing to ingraft; but simply to grow and expand, and by the light of their own beauty impart something of beauty to whatsoever comes in contact with them.

Would there were more of such as she! The world has need of them. But it is some comfort to know that such a one has lived and died, or rather passed from death into life, leaving the works she has done to praise her, and not only so, but to stand, blessed landmarks along the wastes of time, guiding, who shall say how many that are to come after her, into the straight and narrow way.

How happy she must have been when she sat down at her mother's knee beneath the roof which her books had spread out, and beside the fire which her genius had kindled! She had never seen her parents before in so comfortable a home, and nothing could have bought for her the enjoyment which her gift to them reflected back upon her. But, alas! the rainbow shines only in the cloud, and

"There is no flock, however watched and tended,

But some dead lamb is there;

There is no fireside, howsoe'er befriended,

But has one vacant chair;"

and the happiness with which she sat down at the fireside was subdued by a great sorrow. Some of those for whose sake she had still been strong to work and contented to wait, had turned aside from her, creating new homes and interests, and forgetting almost in their new occupations and new loves, to rejoice with her in the fruition of her long and carefully cherished dreams. Others had "met that shadow feared by men," and gone down to that silence out of which no comforting voice ever comes back. O, we have all of us need of the deep faith and holy trust that were hers, to be able to meet, and not utterly faint and fail before them, the many enemies of our peace that, at every turning of our life, rise up before us and proclaim its nothingness and hollowness, its vanity and vexation.

Having thus made comfortable provision for her parents, she resolved to give her younger sister an education; but in this hope she was disappointed. She entered the Seminary of which Emily was one of the teachers, but within a few months of the date of admission was forced

to return home on account of the illness of her mother. Under all her accumulated afflictions and discouragements, Emily persevered, and the year which followed that of the purchase of the house, she was able to make some valuable additions and improvements, and also to purchase a small piece of land adjoining the garden.

In 1843 her literary labors were for a short period suspended in consequence of the severe illness of the Principal of the Utica Female Seminary, which threw upon her hands new and unexpected duties; but in the performance of these she acquitted herself nobly, as she always did.

On the resumption of her literary labors she contributed her first article to the *Columbian*, a magazine published in New York, and for which she was soon afterward engaged to write on very encouraging terms. In the spring of 1844 she visited New York in company with some friends, and spent several weeks there—a visit pregnant with incident destined to quicken actualities thereafter. Perhaps as an experiment—perhaps to while away an idle hour, she threw off some sparkling trifle during that visit to the city of New York, which she sent, without much concern as to its fate, to the *New York Mirror*, then recently established by General Morris and Mr. N. P. Willis. Nothing, however, so full of promise and beauty was likely to escape the instinctively-keen perceptions of Mr. Willis, whose warm appreciation and generous approval have often kept encouraging time to the dipping of the oars of so many young authors in the great, perilous sea of literature. This perception and praise of her cleverness struck upon a higher cord of ambition in her nature than had been previously touched, and she was induced to enter upon ground of literary exertion hitherto unbroken by her.

What she had written previously had been chiefly unambitious and homely—designed for the younger and less cultivated class of readers. She now essayed her powers in a richer and deeper soil, and sought to embody her thought in a more elegant and elaborate class of productions.

Her first paper, under the pretty and prepossessing signature of "Fanny Forester," was published in the *New York Mirror* on the 29th of June, 1844, and was rapidly followed by that popular and attractive series of sketches, essays, and poems which, two years afterward, when she was on the eve of sailing for India, were reprinted under the title of *Alderbrook*.

From the time of her introduction to the public as Fanny Forester, in 1844, to that of her marriage with Dr. Judson in 1846, there was, perhaps, no female writer among us so generally read

and so cordially admired. Even her own sisterhood of authors, who are apt to sit uneasily under the praises bestowed not upon themselves, rose quite above envies and jealousies, and praised with a cordial heartiness, worthy alike of themselves and of her.

[CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT.]

QUARTERLY MEETING ON THE HEAD OF HOLLY.

BY REV. JAMES L. CLARK.

BUT few of your readers have ever been to quarterly meeting at the head of Holly. And where is that? Why, somewhere near where the jumping-off place would have been, if the good Lord had not united both ends of the world together. And now, if they will follow me, I will initiate them into some of its mysteries. On Wednesday morning, at six o'clock, we will be in the saddle, and set our faces up E—k river. Sometimes skirting the edge of this beautiful stream, sometimes crossing the spurs of the hills that border on the river, and at other times leaving the river, we take up some of the larger creeks, trace them out to their head, cross the dividing ridge, take a stream running in the opposite direction, and thus save the distance that would be required to follow the river round its bend. After riding twenty-five miles, we pull up at brother R.'s, and find a Christian family, and a hearty welcome. After feeding our horses and refreshing ourselves, we remount and push on till near dark, and put up for the night at brother G.'s. After supper and prayers, we retire to rest, and sleep soundly.

Just before day we are awakened by a rumbling sound like distant thunder. What is that? Why, it is brother G., grinding wheat on a handmill to make bread for breakfast. You will find it any thing else but superfine white family flour. But such as it is, it comes free. A handmill is composed of two hard stones, about as large as a common grindstone. The surface of the stones that come together are grooved like the ordinary millstones. The lower one is bedded in a block of wood; the upper one is put on it, and kept to its place by a hoop. In the upper stone, there is a hole drilled in the center, in which there is a pole fixed, having its upper end passed through a large auger-hole, and inclining about ten or twelve inches from a perpendicular. To grind, they take hold of the pole with one hand, and pull, and push alternately, in order to give the stone the rotary motion, and at the same time, with the

other hand, drop a few grains at a time through the hole in the upper stone, repeating it as often as necessary, to keep the mill grinding.

Now, let us get under way again. At the middle of the day we stop at Mr. M.'s to feed, and get dinner, and all he will charge us for it will be to call again. About five miles from Mr. M.'s we leave the direct road, and take a circuitous route in order to preach on Laurel, and baptize some children; for their preacher is not ordained. The traveling now is not so good; and the clouds begin to weep occasionally, with a disposition to increase their tears toward night.

Just as night sets in we arrive at brother F.'s, on Birch, and find brother R., the circuit preacher, waiting our arrival. At brother F.'s we find a kind and an intelligent family to give us a hearty welcome. Supper is just ready, and we repair to a table well filled with provision, and served up with skill and good taste. After refreshing the outer man, we go out and look around. We gaze at the high mountains which surround their habitation on nearly every side; and the inquiry starts up in the mind, Where did they come from? How did so much intelligence and refinement get here? Why, they were raised here. Sister F. is an intelligent and pious lady, and, in conjunction with brother F., labored to train up her family in the right way; and her children now rise up and call her blessed. Another reason for this refinement is, that they take the Repository; and the difference between this and other families is very striking. In this family circle we find another exemplification of the truth of those beautiful lines:

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Well, thank God for green spots in the desert!

By four o'clock in the morning we are again in the saddle, and the rain coming down in old-fashion style once more. At six o'clock we halt at brother B.'s for breakfast, and at seven are again under way, with the rain coming down in torrents. At half-past ten we are at brother G.'s, and preach to a small congregation on the love of God to a ruined race, and baptize some children. Thank God, the promise is to us and our children. Here we learned that the pilot promised to conduct us through the wilderness, and over the mountains, till we strike the direct track again, could not be had. In consequence of the dangerous illness of a neighbor he was sent in the night for a physician, and had not yet returned. And so it goes:

"The best-laid schemes of mice and men
Gang aft agley."

Brother G. could not tell us which way to go, but sent us to a neighbor three or four miles beyond, who, we found, knew as little about it as brother G. did. But finally we were sent right over the mountain, which was so steep that we could neither ride up nor down, and so slippery as to make it dangerous, if we could have done it. After crossing the mountain, and following a small stream, we came to Amos creek, and lost an hour and a half by the travel; for we were as near our point of destination at brother G.'s as we were at his neighbor's. After exploring the creek and its branches in the rain, and wiping the wet from the bushes, we became satisfied that the geography of the country would not agree with the description given, and that no path, or trail, could be found in the locality, where the directions we received would have fixed it; and as it was now four o'clock, we had not time to cross the mountains between Laurel and E-k river, and reach the settlement beyond before night. One of our company being sick, and having no "fixings" for camping out, no provision for man or beast, no matches to make a fire to dry our wet clothes—the prospect of spending a rainy night under such circumstances, in the mountains, among the bears and panthers, was not the most pleasant one that might have been presented to our minds; for we had already passed a place where a panther had killed and partly eaten a deer. So we sounded a retreat, and took up our line of march back to brother G.'s, where we arrived shortly after dark. Here, sheltered from the rain, and cheered by the hospitality of this kind family—cheered and consoled, indeed, we were, reader—we soon forgot the peltings of the pitiless storm without.

On Saturday morning, as soon as we could see, we were *en route* for the head of Holly, preceded by a pilot to conduct us safely through to E-k river. After tearing through the bushes, and jumping our horses over fallen trees, passing through deep gorges, and clambering up the mountain's side, we found ourselves at last on the top of that lofty range that separates the waters of Laurel from those of E-k river. After proceeding some distance, our guide took a ridge bearing to the left, on which we remonstrated with him, as it appeared to us to be in the wrong direction. But he insisted that he was right; so on we went, till our guide found that we were traveling back again to Laurel; and now, like many an erring professor of religion, we have to retrace our steps back to the place

where we took the wrong track. So much time and labor lost!

We are moving once more in the right direction, and catch in the distance, through the unbroken forest, a view—or, rather, a succession of views—of mountains and vales which, if the forest timber was removed from them, and they were clothed in grass—as they might be—and dotted over with flocks and herds, would present some of the most picturesque and soul-inspiring views that the sun ever shone upon. But our guide halts, and informs us that he need not go further. "There," pointing to what had once been a traceway, "that will take you down to the river. Listen, you can hear it now." Sure enough, there was the pleasant music of its murmuring waters, as, swollen by the late rains, it was rolling over its rocky bed. "At the foot of the mountain you will find a house. Inquire there, and they will tell you the road." We found the house down in the hollow; but there were no human beings there. So we guessed at the way through the laurel bushes to the crossing-place, and plunged into the river, not knowing whether we would have to swim or not. But, with the exception of immersing our feet,

"We crossed the stream in safety o'er,
And sang deliverance on the shore."

Heading out from the river, we struck the track just as well as if we had been directed a thousand times. We passed another house; but there was no person there. Presently we came to another, and found it inhabited, and from its inmates received the necessary direction. "Go back to the corner of the field, and take straight up the mountain, and keep the track, and it will lead you down to Holly. Cross the stream, and you will hit the *big* road." A *big* road in this country is about four or five feet wide, just so a sled can pass along. As to wagons, the people here are perfectly guiltless of having sought out any such inventions. We never saw one in this country. We now set our faces up the big road, and felt glad we had no more mountains to cross. Speaking of mountains, how high are they? As we had no means of measuring them, we can not tell. But if we were to construct a road of good grade, it would require about three or four miles to overcome the height. But here we are at brother C.'s. "Is brother C. at home?" "No; the men folks are all gone to the meetin'." "Well, how will we find the road?" "Why, jist go to the head of the laurels above the meadow, and then turn to the left." "Do we cross Holly before we take to the left?" "No; you don't cross

Holly at all; you jist keep up this side, and don't cross it at all." Well, we are off, "jist keeping up this side of Holly, and not crossing it at all," by crossing it about a dozen times, before we "got to the meetin'."

A short distance farther, and we come to another brother C.'s. "Good evening, brother C.; are you going up to the meeting?" "Yes, sir." And, shouldering his rifle, he wheeled into the line on foot. A little further on, we came to the procession moving up "to the meetin'." Foremost in the throng was a woman on horseback, riding on a man's saddle, with one foot on each side of the horse, man fashion, only with the stirrups a little shorter. Her feet were incased in moccasins, with heavy soles sewed on them. There was a little boy riding behind her, and a smaller girl in the woman's lap. Just behind followed her husband on foot, who carried in his hand a stout stick, that served the double purpose of a support for himself and a goad for his horse, to quicken his pace when necessary.

After riding up and exchanging salutations, we took our position in front, in the following order: The presiding elder first; the preacher in charge next; then brother C. with his rifle; then the woman on horseback; then her husband with his stick; then a parcel of children on foot; and then a number of mountaineers brought up the rear.

We looked primitive enough to have reminded an observer of the Israelites going up to Jerusalem to worship, and make him think of the pilgrims passing through the valley of Baca, digging a well, the rain also filling the pools.

The place of meeting soon appeared in view, and at the same time the sonorous voices of a number of females, joined by the deeper-toned, thundering bass of our mountain boys, as they sang the songs of Zion, rang out clear upon the air, and, wafted by the gentle breeze, it fell upon the ear, like a concert of accordions, played by skillful hands. The music produced indescribable emotions within our bosoms, making us feel as if we had found the tabernacle of God in the wilderness, and that the place itself was to be a Bethel, the house of God, and the gate of heaven to let glory into our souls.

Well, we are here now, and preaching is over, and dinner is dispatched, the quarterly conference held, and the finances disposed of, which is easily done, two dollars being the entire amount reported to meet the claims of the presiding elder and the circuit preacher. The crowning glory of the Gospel dispensation, according to the language of the Savior, is, "The poor have the Gospel preached unto them;" and we suppose that

in this godlike work we may as well have our share. The shades of the night will soon be here, and we must make some preparation for the coming Sabbath. As we have not yet learned to be goatish enough to let the hair grow all over the "human face divine," a shaving operation is necessary. But unfortunately our utensils were not on hand. And the best we could do was to borrow brother F.'s. But such "fixings" for shaving! Don't laugh; it would have been easier to have cried if you had been in our place. There was the razor, and we could see gapes all along the edge of it. John Smith, the razor-strop man, with "a few more of the same sort," never passed this way. So, taking a book out of our pocket, we stropped away till it would have cut a hair in two, if both ends had been held. A box with a little soft soap in it, a stick with a few hog's bristles, with the but ends downward, tied around it with a strong string, and a little warm water, completed the "fixings." And now for it! The application of the lather produced a similar feeling to what Spanish flies might be expected to produce. Taking the razor, we screwed up our courage to the sticking point, and at it we went with the heroism of a martyr. How we pulled! Whether any came out by the roots or not, we will not say; but we pulled some of them off, and split others of them up, and most horribly mangled the balance. What a smashing we made! And then it was such a sympathetic operation. It took right hold on our feelings, and dimmed our eyes with tears, and made us feel very much like weeping with those that wept. Ah me! it is affecting to think of it yet.

The house in which the meeting was held was about twenty by twenty-four feet in the clear. It had no windows or any place for the admission of light. The doors were made of clap-boards, split out of an oak-tree, and pinned on two slats with half-inch pins. In the daytime the door near where the preacher stood was opened, so that he might see to read his hymn, and chapter, and text, and then it was closed again. At night a candle and the glare of the fire gave light for his benefit. The house served the purpose of chapel, eating-house, and dormitory. One end of the room was graced with three bedsteads, one of which was appropriated to the preachers. The others were occupied by some of the older persons. Beds were spread on the floor for the female portion of the congregation—for the whole congregation staid at the one place—while the men passed up a step-ladder through a trap-door into the loft, and slept as best they could. To undress and go to bed in the sight of the whole

congregation is rather trying to a modest man, so we draw a veil over that part of the ceremony, and slide to bed as quietly as possible. We had intended to take a "snap judgment" on them, and change our linen before any of them was astir in the morning. But in this we were anticipated; for on awaking about an hour and a half before day we found the females already up, and making some progress in dressing. They had stirred up the fire, and the whole house was illuminated with its glare, and there was no hiding-place for us. We laid still for awhile, hoping that as they dressed they would pass out and give us a chance for it; but they manifested no disposition for that. We sat up in bed, and unbuttoned our wristbands and linen, and went over the operation two or three times in hope they would take a hint. But no; there they stood, rank and file, as if they were determined to see with what dexterity we could perform. So at it we went, and succeeded somehow, and felt glad when it was over.

Then came washing, and we were escorted down to the run which murmured along just below the house to perform our ablutions in primitive style. Doubtless runs and creeks were made before wash-bowls came in fashion, with all the innovations connected with them. Take care there; the bank is slippery. But the caution came too late, and there was our reverence down in the mud, with our Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes on. But no matter; it rubbed off when it got dry.

We said that our room was used for eating purposes, and that the whole congregation remained at the one place. When the table was set, of course we had the honor of eating at the first table. The rest followed in regular succession. As soon as one person left the table, another one sat down, and began to eat off the same plate, and with the same knife and fork without being washed or wiped, and so on in succession till all had eaten, and the operation was ended. The food was plain. A few boiled potatoes and meat, some black wheat bread and corn-dodgers, with coffee and milk, constituted our fare. But we ate our bread in singleness of heart, and praised God for his goodness in providing for our wants.

You see from this sketch that the people here live in a primitive condition. The schoolmaster that has been abroad so long never extended his travels in this direction. The age of progress, of which we hear so much, has never yet crept over these mountains. But the minister of Christ has. He has followed the hardy mountaineers to their cabins, and unfolded to their unsophisticated

minds the stupendous grandeur of redemption, till, charmed by the melting strains of a Savior's love, and moved by the magic influence of the cross, they grasped Christ by faith as their Savior, enjoyed the consolations of grace in life, shouted victory in death, and many of them from these mountain fastnesses have gone up, and planted their immortal feet on heaven's enduring soil, as trophies of redeeming love saved through the instrumentality of the itinerant's sacrifice and toil.

The religious exercises of the meeting were profitable. The tears and sighs of the penitent were mingled with the shouts of the new-born soul, and the rejoicings of the people of God.

"Angels rejoiced in songs of praise,
And earth and heaven were glad."

ENGLISH TRAITS.

BY H. N. TURNER.

IT is pleasant to read Emerson; that is, Emerson proper. The pleasure is gone when it becomes a labor to comprehend him, and we grow suspicious of his good intentions when he obliges us to turn away with a shrug and a shudder, confirming our inability to grope with any satisfaction among the shadows of the great sublime into which he leads us. There are those the reach of whose minds is capable of arriving at the precise points of any thing a man like Emerson may say. There are those, also, who, if asked if they like Emerson, would be obliged to say, as did an old gentleman once when asked if he liked Carlyle, "I don't understand him;" and perhaps they would not all be able to add as he did, "But my daughter does." Therefore, as it happens, there are those like the old gentleman and his daughter, who do and who do not understand Emerson, it is very gratifying to find a book written by him which recommends itself to the public generally for its capacity to be understood, if for but little else. Though not one in twenty of Emerson's readers have an inkling of what he is in pursuit of in his transcendental outgoings, the necessity seems absolute that so popular an author should be read, and thus a superficial knowledge of him becomes general. Nor can we fail to be interested in the man who, in spite of his peculiar expressions and sentiments, has the power to move all hearts and make us know that there is an individuality in him to be respected and admired.

"English Traits" comes to us quite refreshingly written, as it is by the natural man and not the German transcendentalist, whose fantasies in sentiment and feats in etymological epilogue,

have made us quite aghast with wonder and despair. Yet these same forms of speech and sentiments are brought from a deep mine of intellectual wealth of which we do not know, and which often seems to us a grand "obscure," because it is indeed obscure to all except the master of its secret sources—the genie of its hidden treasures. Faith in the personality, the final, clear, downshining of Emerson's genius, follows upon what we know of him. He is himself like the Scandinavian Troll, and his dwelling-place upon the Troll mount of American literature wins for us, nationally, honor, and for himself an undying fame. There is in him no signs of subserviency to the wills of others—rather a literary nervous-billiousness, which makes him apparently quite content with his own individuality. There is a want of ornament—an odd, quaint way in the manner of his expressing his most labored and farthest-brought ideas, characteristic of the man. There is a charm about his most quiet and commonplace sayings, which is significant of his innate power to please, and which all who come within his sphere are ready to recognize. He has withal quite a goblin way of working, and moves about among the brick, stone, marble, wood, and glass of his intellectual workshop with the indifference and self-assurance that the god Thor might be supposed to move about among his own thunders. We have not the greatest faith in his philosophical analysis of English character. His conclusions are tersely expressed and logical, and rest upon facts as he conceives them. He looks upon the sunny side of the English nature and nation, feeling altogether graciously inclined toward those who come to meet him at railway stations, and feast him, and toast him, and make set speeches at him. He is somewhat affected by English amiability thus demonstrated, as was Mrs. Stowe by being allowed to walk up a flight of stairs, leaning on the arm of a veritable archbishop. This friendliness he repays by generalizations when particulars would be unpleasant, and makes graceful allusions to the "moral peculiarity of the Saxon race;" also to *Dombey and Punch*. "The good old Saxon bottom," the "more ornamental Norman," the stoutness, the roast-beefiness, the big-burliness, the grand mastiff-ian expression in the English character, so impressive upon every traveler's mind, has left its impression upon his. Nor does he seem to have any great horror of systematized aristocracy, calling it a "midway heaven," and making it synonymous with politeness, which he calls a "blessing," a "romance adorning English life." It is a good thing to have "good man-

ners;" but they are more available as appendages to character than as constituting the entire whole of it. And there are masses, no doubt, of representative English people, Saxon and Norman derived, who would willingly exchange this good manners—that is, aristocracy—for the more essential blessings of life. Evidently our author feels a genial glow from "Collins's peerage"—is dazzled, as we transatlantic people are apt to be, by the reflected light of that grand canopy of eight hundred years, which he calls the "plenitude of English nature," but which is more plainly the underskirt of long descent—old, melodious, historic names, ancestral palaces, and direct entailments since William the Conqueror. "George of Cappadocia" is not an unfit representative of the very modern Briton; and 'tis not easy to believe that his self-respect, or his "faith in causation," or his "realistic logic," or "coupling of means to ends," or the "great infusion of justice" spoken of as an essential ingredient in English logic, has given him the leadership of the modern world. English logic is not the less a national idiosyncrasy, because this "infusion of justice" is oftener absent than present. English dependencies and the prostrate masses of her population testify to the fact that English justice is a myth. When we look at some distinctive phases of English character, we look in vain for the vaunted "Saxon bottom;" and there are some facts in English history, both near and remote, before which we doubt if even the most devoted worshiper of Englishmen would like to "kiss the dust." We doubt if in English logic it is the fact, *per se*, because it is a fact that so makes itself beautiful to them as to require worship. To English eyes the beauty of facts and theories alike lie in their adaptation. Neither are we firm in our convictions that the "nationality of veracity" is entirely English; and the one blunt man may have spoken truth to the most unbearable of English kings, yet English kings are not less than other kings surrounded by courtiers and flatterers. It is really an unlucky moment to bring the national veracity and hatred of adventurers in question when the nation takes Napoleon III into its counsels, and Victoria crosses the channel to receive the imperial embrace. Here seems to be a collapse of the "good old Saxon bottom," and a slight departure from that constitutional "stoutness" and national pride which goes so far toward making up an Englishman's moral nature. Aristocratic and conservative, they are not so given to revolutions as the French; but 'tis not from any innate love for honesty, or any particular belief in the virtue of adhering to old

customs, but from the fact that they are mastiff-like in disposition, and have set their teeth that things shall be so and so. If a trait of English society is its artificialness, consisting of "made-up men with made-up manners," so much more are her principles and policies artificial—offshoots of artificial natures, and subject to all the various changes usually attendant upon that unspiritual god, circumstance. The national honesty of the English, like their patron saint, is typical of gigantic fraud and unscrupulous appropriations of good, wherever situate, lying, or being. As individually, according to all expositions of their "traits," they appropriate the best seats in the public conveyances, the most eligible places at dinner, and the comforts generally of others in their vicinity, so nationally they appropriate whatever lies within reach, leaving it to ends to sanctify the means, however selfish and inglorious they may have been. Nothing, says the "Traits," will so rouse an Englishman to fury as to touch his right to his dinner. No point of honor or religious sentiment has a like power. Therefore, we must infer that all nice points of honor and religious sentiments are involved in that right, since a character founded upon the "old Saxon bottom" and overlaid with the Norman ornament—and the splendid bull-dog attributes which can not be denied them by the author of the "Traits"—would naturally include them. We can not reconcile the contradictory assertions that "every islander is an island himself, safe, tranquil, incommunicable," "never betrayed into any curiosity or unbecoming emotion," and that "his choler and conceit forces every thing out of him," and, quoting Defoe, "For they are so open-hearted you may know their own most secret thoughts, and others, too." It may be owing to the plenitude of their natures. One doesn't need to travel among certain classes of English people to know the peculiar traits of representative English character. Past history furnishes us every variety of the Saxon and Norman races, and no one is so blind or so remote that he can not see and know the peculiar tendencies and constituencies of Englishmen of the present day. Yet "Traits" and "Memories" will continue to be written. English will continue to be dissected from its most modern representative back to the old framework underlying even the "old Saxon bottom." Society will continue to be commented on, and its springs anatomically displayed. English principles and policies, their superficial analysis, English hospitality, wealth, literature, expediency, craft, vivacity, logic—in short, English nature in all its plenitude—will be chanted, from time to time, by

traveler and tourist, by friend and foe, and yet who will be much the wiser for the endless lays? England has charms for us all—a prestige like that it has for Emerson—but it does not lie wholly in the power of her people to adapt means to ends—nor in the success of her unscrupulous policies—nor in the "midway heaven" of her aristocracy—nor in that expression of "feed" characteristic of the English form and face. There is a wonderful spell over England's old historic places, baptized as they are by blood and slaughter, by beauty and by heroism. Our fancy is in bonds to the tales and legends of faith and devotion—of chivalric deeds and struggles unto death, which make dear and beautiful the cultivated and castled England of the past. It is really refreshing to find a readable book by Emerson, though it has little to recommend it except its capacity to be understood. He has been on stilts so long, and doing the hop-sotch in literature at such an untiring rate, it is quite a matter of congratulation for himself and for us that he has, for a moment, left his "unities," "correspondencies," and Germanisms generally, and written a book, the sense of which is accessible to all.

THE NEW YEAR AND THE OLD.

BY EMILY C. HUNTINGTON.

THE clock is striking eleven; the year is near to die. The *Old Year* they call him, and say his steps are trembling; yet he is but a child that shivers in the icy weather—only a child, that but a summer since sat in the sunshine and banded first his hair with violets. I remember when he was born—on a dark, gusty night, when not a star looked out of heaven; just at the mid-hour he came to the threshold, sighing sorely, "Alas! the world is chill!" At the sound of his voice the *Old Year* grew very pale; so we all rose up from watching beside him, and brought in the *New Year* with shout and carol. The wind cried through the dark, and went sobbing past the window, and the snow sifted down over all; but the *Old Year* fled away into the storm, and we looked in each other's faces and sighed, for we knew he was gone from us forever. As one stands alone with the dead, we stood, and remembered all the hopes of our hearts when we first met him face to face; and as one weeps for friend and lover lost, so we wept at the memories that rose up uncalled.

And the *Young Year* stood beside us; and hour by hour we saw how the glory grew on his forehead, and the light deepened in his eyes.

We knew he had come from the Sabbath Land, for his hands were full of gifts our Father had sent us; but we thought of the Old Year, and feared to take them.

Then one—a child with a rosy mouth—kneeled beside him, and cried, "Give me my treasure, angel; what hast our Father sent me?" And his gift was another year of life, full and golden; and it was to the young child as a crown.

Then a man, with heart at spring-tide, kneeled, and said, "What givest thou to me, angel?" And his gift was another year of action; and it was to him as a treasure, and he hid it in his heart; yet he said not, "*Our Father* sent it."

And another kneeled—an old man, very weary—and, with a low voice, he asked, "What willeth our Father toward me, angel?" and he bowed his head as he spoke. And his gift was another year of suffering; and it was to him as a heavy cross, yet he folded it to his breast.

So, one by one, we all received what was sent us, and went forth each upon his own way; and the angels looked down upon us all.

We have come a long way upon our life-path since then. Some of us have watched our buds of hope unfolding into perfect flowers of joy, and some have seen them blighting, leaf by leaf. There have been graves digged all along the way, and many and many a heart has had a grave digged in it too. To some of us the New Year has been a lavish giver, bringing such treasures of love as our hearts had scarcely dreamed of knowing; and to some but an idol-breaker, crumbling the yielding clay into dust. But he is going now to all of us; and ere the hour is past his foot will have passed noiselessly over the threshold, and another year be born out of the great Hereafter.

Another year! Never eye hath seen its dawning; never heart hath beat its moments; breaking from the infinite upon us as new and pure as that first day, when the voice of God first broke the silence of eternity. How solemnly it comes to us, only lighted by the faint white starlight; ushered in by no audible voices, that the soul may meet in reverent silence and alone! At the spell of its presence the chambers of the soul stand all a-light, and the dark secrets of memory are revealed. How the past rises up from its grave to meet us!—the *dead past* we called it, and vainly fancied we had buried it forever under a pall of forgetfulness. Ah, the lost hours of summer, the wasted treasures of life and love—there is no spell to lay their troubled ghosts. They walk to and fro through the heart in an hour like this, and whisper fearful words to the

shuddering, shrinking soul. We may not drown the whispers, low though they be, by song or revel; for over all sounds of mirth will creep the spirit-tones that ask of the wasteful heart, "Where are thy treasures?"

Where are thy treasures, soul? God gave thee life—what hast thou done with it? Canst thou render him his own with usury? Is it enough to live on the green earth, to rejoice in the glow of the sunlight, and breathe in the balm of the blessed air, and bend no suppliant knee, and lift no gushing song to heaven? When good gifts came to thee, didst thou think of the "Father of lights?" and when the cup thy lip pressed was as wormwood, didst remember "He doth not willingly afflict?" Where are thy treasures, soul—thy faith, thy patience, thy love, that, as sweet incense, should arise to the throne? God gave riches to thy keeping—how hast thou bestowed them? When the poor and the needy cried unto thee, was thine ear open to their cry, and thine hand to supply their wants? Has the blessing of him that was ready to perish been upon thee? Has the One who was called the Nazarene looked down on thee, and said, "Inasmuch as thou hast done it unto the least of these my disciples, thou hast done it unto me?" Thrice blessed among earth's children art thou if such a benison attend thee.

Where are the talents that were lent thee for the Master's service? Hast thou basely lent them to gild foul and corrupting vice, or woven with them a beautiful covering for sin? Hast thou called evil good, and upheld oppression by glowing words and thoughts? Or hast thou uttered truthful, loving words, that should strengthen him that was ready to fall, and comfort him that had no helper? What were thy songs, poet? Did they breathe the spirit of Him who inspired the sweet singer of Israel, and kindled visions of glory for the grand old bards of the Bible?

Ah, it is fearful reckoning to settle alone with one's soul; to read upon memory's book all the record of lost and wasted treasure, of heart-riches ungarnered, gentle words unspoken, kindly deeds unperformed, whispers from heaven unheeded.

But the last moment of the Old Year is passing, and even as I write the New Year takes its place. Its moments are yet stainless; its deeds unrecorded. The past has gone from us forever and forever; the future God hides in his bosom; but to-day is given to our keeping for blessing or for cursing. Watch and pray, that when the New Year shall be the Old Year, and the Old Year shall have died, ye may not say, in your bitterness, "*Would God it had not dawned!*"

EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Scripture Cabinet.

SACRAMENTAL MEDITATIONS.—*"But ye are come unto Mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and Church of the first-born, which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel."*—Heb. xii, 22, 23, 24.

The word sacrament has been so often abused and perverted to superstitious meanings, that many spiritually-minded persons have ceased to use it; yet its true and original meaning, in its application to the Lord's supper, is full of beauty. It was originally a Latin word, used to express the military oath taken by the Roman soldiers when they entered the army, when war broke out, and on certain other occasions. In it they swore that they would be faithful to their commander and to one another; they pledged themselves never to desert their standard, nor abandon their comrades in peril, nor to seek safety by flight, but in all things to acquit themselves as good soldiers. The early Christians, realizing the great truth that they were the soldiers of Jesus Christ, engaged to fight manfully under his banner, and bound to spend their lives in conflict with evil, transferred the word which was previously used to express the military oath to describe those ordinances of the Church in which they pledged themselves to serve the great Captain of their salvation. In this view, then, the sacrament is the oath of fidelity and allegiance taken by the Christian soldier. We pledge ourselves in it that we will be faithful unto death; that we will "not count our lives dear unto us;" that, at all risks and hazards, at any cost or sacrifice, we will obey His commands, go where he bids, do what he enjoins, and yield to him an implicit and unquestioning obedience. These engagements of the soldier to his leader, are those which we undertake to Christ, "that we may please him who hath chosen us to be soldiers." This is our sacramental oath. How have we discharged it? Have we "endured hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ?" Have we "taken unto ourselves the whole armor of God," and stood firm, resolute, fearless against all assaults? Does not the mere rude soldier often put us to shame? Amid all the vices engendered by a military life, what lessons of heroic daring, of uncomplaining endurance, and of unquestioning obedience, may we learn from him! In the sacrifice of himself to the duties of his calling, in the disregard of consequences when obeying his orders, in the willing endurance of hardships, and even the cheerful surrender of his own life if it be required, does he not put to shame the pusillanimity, the sloth, the love of ease and pleasure, on the part of many a Christian? Yet they do it at the bidding of a fellow-creature, perhaps in an unjust cause, and with no higher hope than that of gaining a corruptible crown. And shall we, who belong to "the sacramental host of God's

elect," be less devoted, less resolute, less self-denying than they? Shall we who follow a Divine leader, whose badge is the cross, whose profession is self-denial, whose aim is a crown of righteousness that shall never fade away—shall we be recreants to our high calling, and faithless to our sacramental oath? As we take these solemn vows upon us, and occupy our places in the ranks of the army of the living God, and of Christ our Savior, let us remember that we again pledge ourselves by this sacred rite, to be faithful unto death, that we may hereafter receive the crown of life.

The Latin word *sacramentum* had yet another sense besides that of the Roman soldier's military oath, which seems to have been likewise present to the mind of the early Christians, as they applied it to the ordinances of the Church. It meant the gage or pledge deposited by the parties to a covenant or in a lawsuit. Each party paid down a certain amount as an earnest of the whole. This was called the sacrament of the transaction, binding both of them to abide by the issue. Just so in the sacrament of the Lord's supper, we come with the family of Christ on earth, as the pledge and earnest that we shall "sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of God." By this act we associate ourselves with "the general assembly and Church of the first-born, whose names are written in heaven." We declare ourselves to be "no longer strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints and of the household of God." We claim to be children in that "one family of heaven and earth which is named in Christ." Generation after generation of believers have followed one another here; they have received in succession the sacrament of God's grace, the seal and pledge of his covenant; and now they have passed away from the world of type and symbol, of sacrament and earnest, into the full fruition, the perfect enjoyment of all that they hoped for here. He has been faithful to his covenant, and has kept them faithful unto death.

"Once they were mourners here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears."

Now they have entered into rest. Here "they drank of the brook by the way, and so lifted up their heads;" there they "drink of the river of the water of life freely," where, "clear as crystal," it issues from "the throne of God." Here in the wilderness, the clusters of Eshcol were refreshing and pleasant; they received them only as earnest and foretastes of "the good land;" now they "have a right to the tree of life, and enter through the gates into the city." As we yet linger here for a little while, receiving these sacraments and pledges of our heavenly Father's faithful love, we are encouraged by their example still to follow in their footsteps.

"One family we dwell in Him:
One Church, above, beneath,

Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have cross'd the flood,
And part are crossing now.

O, Jesus! be our constant guide;
Then when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And land us safe in heaven."

MEASURE OF THE SPIRIT OF PRAYER.—"*I will therefore that men pray every-where, lifting up holy hands, without wrath and doubting.*"—1 Tim. ii, 8.

The spirit of prayer is always measured by the spirit of holiness. I mention it as a fact; it is not an argument fit only for a theological discourse; it is capable of being tested as any other fact can be; and there is not one who has observed the matter at all but recognizes that fact as most certain. Except a man is sanctified he can not pray. I am not now speaking of forms of devotion, whether they be extemporaneous or prepared. A man may learn the one, and by mere impulse of eloquence utter the other, and yet have neither heart, part, nor lot in the matter.

But I am speaking of that habit which sends the man, when no eye sees, and no ear hears, into the secrecy of his closet, there, in all earnestness before God, shut up with his Maker, to pour out his soul before him. I say, in that sense, a man can not pray except he is sanctified. Even when he first turns to God, though the burden of sin crushes the conscience, and the fear of perdition flashes upon the soul, still it is only by the influx of heaven's own light that he has discovered his sin at all, and learned to hate it; that he sighs for complete emancipation from its dominion, as well as entire freedom from its curse; and day by day, as he does battle with temptation, crucifies his selfishness, denies his carnal appetites, and goes about doing good; he betakes himself to prayer as his heart's natural home, where his love breathes freely and his spirit is at rest. But, O! let him sin willfully, and then he can not pray—his thoughts wander, his utterance is choked—all is darkness above, and all is barrenness within.

The experience of multitudes will testify the truth of this, when they have sought their chambers after the first perpetration of the evil deed. The sure, the worst result of sin is to drive the soul from its Maker. It has passed into a proverb among us, that sin will make a man give over praying, or prayer will make a man give over sinning. I ask you to think on this as a matter of fact, and then let your reflections take wing. I ask you to appeal to your own conscience, to all that is in your intellectual and moral nature, whether it is conceivable that God should have associated this delusion, if it be such, with the highest possible and conceivable power for developing holiness in the soul of man.

What! can that be a falsehood, which no man can take to, till his soul has been renewed? and is that a delusion which is precious and powerful with man just in the same proportion as he is holy, and is thus allied to the goodness which dwells in heaven? No man is good but by the grace of God; not a touch of holiness ever visits the tainted heart of the sinner but as it comes from him; but prayer is the channel through which the Divine purity is conveyed to man, the aliment on which he feeds,

the passion on which he burns, and the ally to which it clings; and none but the Creator of my spirit, and the Fountain of truth, can have made it such. This is matter of fact, attested by observation and experience, as well as revelation; and when I meditate upon it, I find a moral demonstration in my heart and conscience, that the prayer which is offered in faith shall receive an answer from heaven.

HOW GOD ANSWERS PRAYER.—"*By terrible things in righteousness wilt thou answer us, O God of our salvation!*"—Psalm lxxv, 5.

Rev. Dr. Lathrop illustrating in a sermon the sentiment, that "God often answers prayer in a way we do not expect," introduced the following facts: "A poor African negro was led, while in his own country, by the consideration of the works of nature, to a conviction of the existence and benevolence of a Supreme Being. Impressed with this fact, he used daily to pray to this great Being, that by some means or other he might more distinctly know him. About this time he was taken, with many others, and sold for a slave. For a while he hesitated as to the view he had taken of God, and thought that if there did indeed exist a just and good Being as he had supposed, he would not allow fraud and iniquity to prevail against innocence and integrity. But after a while this poor slave was introduced into a pious family in New England, where he was instructed in Christianity, and enabled to rejoice in God as his friend. He was now persuaded of the fact, that adverse providences are often the means of answering our prayers, and conducting us to the greatest happiness."

TAKING REFUGE IN CHRIST.—"*How then can man be justified with God?*"—Job xxv, 4.

About the year 1100, amidst the almost universal darkness of Popery, there was a form of consolation to the dying, said to be written by Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury; and in the year 1475, printed in Germany. It was in the following words: "Go to, then, as long as thou art in life—put all thy confidence in the death of Christ alone—confide in nothing else—commit thyself wholly to it—mix thyself wholly with it—roll thyself wholly on it; and if the Lord God will judge thee, say, 'Lord, I put the death of our Lord Jesus Christ between me and thy judgment, otherwise I contend not with thee;' and if he say, 'Thou art a sinner,' reply, 'Put the death of our Lord Jesus Christ between me and my sins;' and if he say, 'Thou hast deserved damnation,' let thine answer be, 'Lord, I spread the death of our Lord Jesus Christ between me and my demerits; I offer his merits for the merits I should have had and have not.' If he still insist that he is angry at thee, reply again, 'Lord, I put the death of the Lord Jesus Christ between me and thine anger.'"

THE UNSELFISH HEART.—"*Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, . . . seeketh not her own.*"—1 Cor. xiii, 4, 5.

Some people are very selfish. Unless the blessing alight on their actual self, it matters not where it comes down. It can occasion no gladness to them. They can not joy in beholding the faith of other men. They can not exult in beholding the order of other Churches. They do not glorify God for the graces of their believing brethren. The husbandman who sees a cloud melting

over the adjacent fields, while not a drop comes down on his own thirsty furrows, is more likely to envy his favored neighbor than to indulge in patriotic congratulations; and so, when a blessing comes down on neighbor Christians or neighbor Churches, there are some who, instead of indulging in that wise congratulation which of all things would be the likeliest to bring the blessing to themselves, they grudge as if they lost what other members of the body get. There are some so grievously selfish, that they take as matters of right, or as things of course, every good and perfect gift; and being little accustomed to view all things in the surety, viewing themselves more frequently from the little hill of their own self-love than from the great mountain of God's free grace, no gift is so great as to surprise them, no mercy is so amazing as to make them thankful. Like the Caspian Sea, which has some unseen way of disposing of its waters, so that whatever rains come down, and whatever rivers flow in, its great gulf never fills, and never a rill runs out from it again; so there is a greedy, all-devouring selfishness, which, whatever rivers of pleasure flow into it, and whatever mighty bursts of heaven-descended bounty exhaust their fullness over it, always contrives to dispose of the whole in the caverns and subterraneous passages of its capacious egotism—the vast *mare internum*, or the internal sea of self, without one drop overflowing in kindness to man or gratitude to God. And if the sudden advent of some unhopd-for or overwhelming mercy stagger them into a moment's tenderness, they recover their presence of mind before they are betrayed into the liberality of imprudent gratitude, or the vehement expressions of a large-hearted and over-ardent thankfulness.

Others, who are not so remarkable for sordid selfishness, are of a peevish, complaining temper. In the first book of Kings, we read—ix, 10-13—"And it came to pass at the end of twenty years, when Solomon had built the two houses, the house of the Lord and the King's house, that then King Solomon gave Hiram twenty cities in the land of Galilee. And Hiram came out from Tyre to see the cities which Solomon had given him; and they pleased him not. And he said, What cities are these which thou hast given me, my brother? And he called them the land of Cabul [margin, *dirty*, or *displeasing*,] unto this day." Now, without waiting to inquire whether the conduct of Solomon on this occasion was right or wrong, handsome or unhandsome, we have no hesitation in saying that Hiram was neither gracious nor wise. Even had the cities not come up to his expectation—and perhaps the misfortune lay in his expectation being too high—there was no need to vilify them, and hand down to posterity a memorial of his own spleen. But some men's lot is always cast in the land of Cabul. There is something dirty or displeasing in all their mercies. They find a crook in every field, a drawback on every comfort, a bitter in every sweet. They can get nothing to their mind, nothing that comes up to their idea, neither a Church, nor a minister, nor a Christian friend. And just as they are sullen and dissatisfied in the midst of ordinances, they are fretful at their own residences. And just as God never gave them a mercy yet where their perversity did not discover more cause for grumbling than for gratitude, so, were they entering heaven itself with this hankering, discontented spirit, they would, in their discontentment, write Cabul on the very gates of paradise.

THE SICK MADE WHOLE.—"Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits; who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies."—Psalm ciii, 3.

There is a joy which many here have felt—the joy of returning health. The Lord had brought you very low, so low that nobody expected you would rise again, and you did not greatly care. You were so sick at heart, that life had no attractions for you. Your soul abhorred the very things it loved before. They had to stop the music in the streets, the din so distressed you. Your little sister brought you a few flowers from the garden, but you asked her to put them away, for their fragrance sickened you. Some one offered to read you a chapter, and you gave a listless consent, but you could not attend to a single verse, and soon said, "That will do." But the Lord raised you up again. It was not yet your hour to die.

Do you remember the first time you breathed the open air, when you were strong enough to cross the threshold again? It was quite an ordinary day to other people. The shopman stood behind his counter, the student was poring on his book, the smith was hammering at his forge, and noticed nothing remarkable about the day. And when neighbors met, they said to one another, as words, of course, "A pleasant day." They saw nothing extraordinary about it—but it was a wonderful day to you. You just felt as if it were a day that God had newly made—as if he had on purpose breathed a new freshness into the air, and scattered on the earth a handful of heaven's own sunshine. The commonest things had an uncommon look. They had a friendly look—a happy, thankful look. They all seemed to be singing the 148th Psalm: "Fruitful trees and all cedars; beasts and all cattle; creeping things and flying fowl;" were all praising God, for you yourself were praising. And as you hearkened to the merry tune of the evening bird, and the piping tones of the bee hurrying home with his last burden, and the chorus-gush of winds and waters, your swelling heart kept time sweetly, and all the while, to their hosanna.

But there is a joy more Elysian still, and it, too, is the joy of returning health—the joy of a forgiven sinner when the Holy Spirit first seals the pardon on his soul. To some, this joy comes so gradually, and with such wise abatements, that they can not date its dawn nor say when that joy was full. But others can. You were a sin-sick, wretched man. The Spirit of God, unperceived by you, was working in your heart and had convinced you of your guilt. You had no desire for any thing; you had not courage to pray; you took the Bible in your hand, but had scarcely heart to open it; you expected nothing there; and you wondered why other people were so happy, for, in your desolate bosom, all was dark despair. You were almost afraid to shut your eyes and take your needful rest, for you did not know but you might awake in hell; and though you put up an earnest cry for mercy, you felt as if God had not heard that cry. These were dismal days. But they are over now. The true light shone. You saw a sin-bearing Savior. You saw God's reconciled countenance in the face of the incarnate Son. You had peace with God—a peace unspeakable and full of glory.

Items, Literary, Scientific, and Religious.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL.—From the record of conversions in the Sabbath schools under the superintendence of the Methodist Episcopal Church, we see it stated that more than half the net increase of our denomination in the United States, for the past year, has been from the Sabbath schools. The number of Sabbath school conversions in the year was 17,494; and in the last eight years was over 94,000, or nearly one-eighth the entire membership of the Church. Add to this the greater average expectation of life in children and youth, as compared with adults, and we observe a provision for the future numerical strength of the Church, from the nursery of the Sabbath school, fully equal, at a moderate estimate, to the conversion of thirty thousand adults—the whole net increase—in a single year.

THE HUMAN HAIR.—Persons who will take the least pains in observing, will find among their acquaintance a great many men—young men of thirty and thirty-five years of age, whose heads are well sprinkled with silver. We will not attempt an explanation of the matter. A Parisian, M. Stanislas Martin, has published, in the "Bulletin de Therapeutique," the curious case of a worker in metals, who has wrought in copper only five months, and whose hair, which was lately white, is now of so decided a green that the man can not appear in the street without immediately becoming the object of general curiosity. He is perfectly well, his hair alone being affected by the copper, notwithstanding the precautions taken by him to protect it from the action of the metal. Chemical analysis shows that his hair contains a notable quantity of acetate of copper, and that it is to this circumstance that it owes its beautiful green color, which is most singular and remarkable.

THE NEBULÆ.—It has been calculated that a hundred millions of stars compose that portion of the milky-way which is visible to man. Newton declared that the comet so famous in astronomical annals, which appeared in 1680, dashed through space at the rate of eight hundred and eighty thousand miles an hour. At fifty miles an hour, it would take 43,000,000 years to reach the nearest star.

SCIENCE INCREASING LONGEVITY.—In the latter part of the sixteenth century, one-half of all who were born died under five years of age; the average longevity of the whole population was but eighteen years. In the seventeenth century, one-half the population died under twelve years. But in the first sixty years of the eighteenth century, one-half of the population lived over twenty-seven years. In the latter forty years, one-half exceeded thirty-two years of age. At the beginning of the present century, one-half exceeded forty years; and from 1838 to 1845, one-half exceeded forty-three. The average longevity at these successive periods has been increased from eighteen years in the sixteenth century up to 43-7 by the last reports.

This increase in the duration of life has been caused by improved medical science, improvements in the construction of houses, drainage of streets, and superior clothing.

THE LIQUOR TRADE OF GREAT BRITAIN.—A return to Parliament shows that in 1855 there were distilled in the whole of the United Kingdom 27,485,193 gallons of spirits, against 25,003,912 gallons in 1854, 26,441,557 gallons in 1853, 24,423,202 gallons in 1852, 24,543,657 gallons in 1851, and 25,844,887 gallons in 1850. Of this quantity, 7,921,983 gallons were distilled in England, 11,283,636 gallons in Scotland, and 8,297,574 gallons in Ireland. The quantity of spirits charged with duty for consumption last year was, in Great Britain, 15,728,419 gallons; and in Ireland, 6,228,856 gallons. The total quantity of foreign and colonial spirits entered for home consumption in the United Kingdom, last year, amounted to 4,788,687 gallons, of which 4,457,455 entered England, 192,148 Scotland, and 139,084 Ireland.

ENTOMOLOGY.—Professor Agassiz says, that more than a lifetime would be necessary to enumerate the various species of insects, and describe their appearance. Meiger, a German, collected and described 600 species of flies, which he collected in a district of ten miles circumference. There have been collected in Europe 20,000 species of insects preying on wheat. In Berlin two professors are engaged in collecting, observing, and describing insects and their habits, and already they have published five large volumes upon the insects which attack forest trees.

RELIGIOUS REVIVALS.—The winter past has been one favorable to the spiritual interests of many of the Evangelical Churches. The Methodist Episcopal Church alone in the west has had accessions to the number of some eight or ten thousand. The Presbyterian and Baptist Churches have also shared largely in visitations from the Holy Spirit.

WOOD FOR PAPER.—In Switzerland grated wood is mixed with rags as a material for paper-making, with good effect. White kinds of wood are ground up with water, by the aid of a grindstone, some four feet in diameter, and three feet thick, the wood being continually pressed up against the stone by the action of the machinery. The wood pulp thus formed is strained five times, separating it into five qualities, the coarsest of which is beaten in the common paper machine before it is fit for use. A wood engine, requiring a power of twenty-four horses, produces in twenty-four hours, according to the notes of Mr. Charles Schinz, about two thousand, four hundred pounds of dry, good pulp, which would make it cost, including fuel, labor, etc., about one cent per pound.

WIGS FROM HORN.—One of our newspaper exchanges says some savant of Paris has been making wigs from the horns of animals. By some chemical process the horn is softened; then rolled, then cut into hair, which, "for softness and beauty, can not be excelled by the auburn or jet black locks of the belle of the town."

VOCAL TRAINING.—The great master, Garcia, who taught Jenny Lind, gave her lessons of only five minutes in length at first, then increased them to half an hour. "The voice is more easily injured than any instrument, and can never be repaired," was his reason. And a short,

careful, daily drill of the organs of speech, is, doubtless, far more satisfactory than a prolonged exercise in reading, without the requisite attention to fullness, clearness, and modulation—the essentials of good reading, as of good singing.

COLLEGE STATISTICS.—The usual annual circular in regard to American colleges, was issued in February. It states the number of students at 8,438; professors of religion among them, 2,932; of whom 1,043 design studying for the ministry. During the year 414 are reported as having been converted. We learn from the pamphlet the following: "The proportionate number of college and university students to the white population of New England is 1 to 916; in the middle states, 1 to 826; in the southern states, 1 to 545; in the north-western states, 1 to 697; in the south-western, 1 to 689; showing that one of every 734 white persons in the country has the benefit of a collegiate education." The circular is not full or accurate in regard to the institutions of learning under the patronage of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

WOOD GAS.—Wood has been found by Prof. Liebig preferable to coal in generating gas. It evolves a fifth more illuminating power. Thus a gas which has hitherto been allowed to escape into the atmosphere, may now be turned to good account. Any kind of wood, and even the roots of it, may be used, provided it is dry. It is a gas generated with much greater rapidity than from coal. Thus our forests may be used to light as well as warm our dwellings.

DURABILITY OF PUBLIC BUILDINGS.—While architects have been developing the most elaborate methods and styles suited to public edifices, comparatively little attention has been paid to the durability of the material. A committee of efficient men have been experimenting at Washington to ascertain the effect of weather on the marble of which the extension to the Capitol is being constructed. They find that after every freezing and thawing, a scale of 1,500,000th of an inch thick clears off from the surface. Allowing fifty freezings and thawings for every winter, it would require ten thousand years for the surface of the building to be exfoliated one inch by this cause. The stone is from Lee, in Berkshire county, Massachusetts.

LOSS ON COIN IN CIRCULATION.—The loss by abrasion on coin in constant circulation is much greater than is generally supposed. The total coinage of the United States since 1793 has been over \$500,000,000. Place the actual circulation, say at \$250,000,000 out of this total coinage, and the loss by "drifting," "sweating," "sawing," "splitting," etc., would amount to a sum exceeding annually three-quarters of a million of dollars.

BATTLES ON LAND.—During the Revolutionary war, from 1775 to 1781—seven years—there were fifty battles fought. In the late war with England, from 1812 to 1815—three years—thirty-nine battles. In the Indian wars, from 1790 to 1842, twenty-three battles. In the war with Mexico, from 1846 to 1848—two years—eighteen battles—in all *one hundred and thirty battles*, in each of which hundreds of human beings were slaughtered, in the United States.

AGE OF ANIMALS.—A bear rarely exceeds 20 years; a dog lives 20 years; a wolf 20; a fox 14 or 16; lions are long-lived—Pompey lived to the age of 70. The average of cats is 14 years; a squirrel and hare 7 or 8 years; rabbits

7. Elephants have been known to live to the great age of 400 years. When Alexander the Great had conquered one Porus, King of India, he took a great elephant which had fought very valiantly for the King, named him Ajax, and dedicated him to the sun, and let him go with this inscription—"Alexander, the son of Jupiter, had dedicated Ajax to the sun." This elephant was found 354 years after. Pigs have been known to live to the age of 30 years; the rhinoceros to 20. A horse has been known to live to the age of 62, but averages 25 to 30. Camels sometimes live to the age of 100. Stags are long-lived. Sheep seldom exceed the age of 10. Cows live about 15 years. Cuvier considers it probable that whales sometimes live to the age of 1000. The dolphin and porpoise attain the age of 30. An eagle died at Vienna at the age of 104 years. Ravens have frequently reached the age of 100. Swans have been known to live 360 years. Mr. Mallerton has the skeleton of a swan that attained the age of 290 years. Pelicans are long-lived. A tortoise has been known to live to the age of 107.

INCOME OF THE FRENCH CLERGY.—The Protestant clergy of France receive on an average more than the Roman Catholic, who are the lowest in the scale of remuneration. The parish priests of a large city receive about \$300; those of the second class receive \$250; and those who are attached to the service of a country church receive \$170; and those last form the immense majority of the forty thousand members of the secular clergy of France.

METHODIST BISHOPS.—In a communication to one of our exchanges, Bishop Morris furnishes this table of the years in office by the several deceased bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church. It will be seen that the average is twenty years and five-eighths, which is more than could be reasonably expected, considering the nature of their work, together with the fact that they were all past middle age when elected to the office:

Names.	When Ordained.	Time of Decanon.	Years in Office.
Thomas Coke.....	1784.....	1814.....	30
Francis Asbury.....	1784.....	1816.....	31½
Richard Whatcoat.....	1808.....	1809.....	6
William McKendree.....	1808.....	1835.....	27
Enoch George.....	1816.....	1828.....	12½
R. R. Roberts.....	1816.....	1843.....	27
Elijah Hedding.....	1824.....	1852.....	28
John Emory.....	1832.....	1855.....	23½

EPISCOPACY IN THIS COUNTRY.—The first Protestant Episcopal convention formed in this country met in Philadelphia, September 27, 1789; and there being no bishops of that Church in the United States, except Rev. Dr. Seabury—who had been consecrated by the non-juring bishops of Scotland, and was not, on that account, cordially received by the Church at large—Rev. Dr. White, of Philadelphia, and Rev. Dr. Provost, of New York, were selected to proceed to England, and obtain the proper consecration. They were consecrated bishops in the archiepiscopal place of Lambeth, by Archbishop Moore, of Canterbury, and returning to this country, commenced at once the exercise of the episcopacy in their respective dioceses. The first bishop consecrated in the United States, was Rev. Thos. J. Claggett, D. D., from the diocese of Maryland, by Bishop Provost, at the triennial convention in New York, in 1792. This body has now 37 bishops; 1,712 ministers, and 120,000 members.

AMERICAN GENIUS.—It is stated that about 23,000 American patents have been issued, averaging 352 annually, since the first general patent law was enacted in 1793.

Literary Correspondence from New York.

To discuss the present being forbidden to the thinkers of France, these have been driven into divers reviews of the past. Some of these—taking the form either of history or biography—seem, in their discussion of past excellences to sound like finely-drawn sneers upon what the haters of Louis Napoleon call the stupid present. Mr. Guizot's well-written Memoir of the late Sir Robert Peel—as it draws an able and honest statesman—must reflect upon the gamblers who form the ministry of Napoleon III. Alexis de Tocqueville—anti-republican at heart—in “The Old Monarchy and the Revolution” justifies the rising of 1789; and finally Dr. Veron, a gentleman some years famous for his “Memoirs of a Parisian Bourgeois,” and the many different phases in which the public of Paris has seen him act his part in life—this Dr. Veron has made a sensation by what your correspondent must be allowed to regard as a very nicely-executed satire upon the present state of affairs in France, in the shape of a book called, “Four Years of a Reign; or, Where are we?” He begins by stating that as there is no longer freedom of discussion in the French legislative assemblies, no one, even in France, knows who are the members of these assemblies. For which reason he compiles a list of the senate and *corps legislatif*, giving short biographical sketches of the members. To this is added a list of the laws passed during the five sessions held under Louis Napoleon's dictations. In the biographical department he does not lose his opportunity in a mild way to insinuate the worthlessness of the public functionaries.

To match Dr. Veron's book, and to keep up the ancient and honorable order of snobs in England, “a British officer,” a militia officer, some say, publishes a volume of odd scraps, systematically arranged, which he calls, “Napoleon III: Review of his Life, Character, and Policy; with Extracts from his Writings and Speeches, and References to Cotemporary Opinions;” which general white-washing of the Emperor he curiously enough dedicates to his—the officer's—wife. This ingenious gentleman rivals our own Abbot in the facility with which he covers over the black spots—no matter how big or how black—in the life of an Emperor.

“What shall be done with the criminals?” is a question very anxiously asked by that part of the British public which bothers its head at all about how the world wags. Some recent revelations of prison life—made, too, by a poor fellow who had been condemned wrongfully—prove that another Howard is needed to look into and reform the prison discipline of the most enlightened nation of our globe.

The man spoken of being innocent, was yet convicted and sentenced to four years' penal servitude. He was two months, it seems, in Newgate, picking oakum with the convicts, who in this prison are all in one room together; three murderers at one time, pirates who had deliberately planned wholesale massacres, to be accompanied by indescribable atrocities; burglars, garoters, thieves from their birth, receivers, and putters-up of robberies, and the perpetrators of unmentionable crimes. The amusement

of this den of devilry was to narrate their crimes, and to plan fresh ones. John Markham was innocent, and he constantly asserted his innocence; in consequence he was persecuted and tormented by his associates here with the most virulent and relentless malignity. Being at last released, he was unable to get work, and, had he been ordinarily lax in principle, would have taken to robbery as the easiest means of providing food for his starving wife and child.

The prisoners, poor as they are, being found too small to contain all the rogues, and transportation having been to a great extent stopped, the plan has been adopted of granting “tickets of leave” to the best-behaved prisoners, at different periods, before the expiration of their term of incarceration. These “ticket of leave men” abound in London and the provincial towns, and being also mostly unable to obtain work—which in England, alas! is hardly obtained even for the *honest* poor—naturally betake themselves to their old trades, robbery, thieving, burglary, etc. How much they suffer before falling back upon this refuge; how hardly tempted by hunger and utter, helpless poverty is the poor “ticket of leave man,” before he “gives up;” how almost impossible it is for him to get honest work, known as he is wherever he goes, through the surveillance of the police: all this was told lately, at probably the most singular gathering London, or England, or the civilized world ever beheld. This was a meeting of *ticket of leave men*, called together by the Earl of Cornwall, who presided, for the purpose of hearing a plain statement of the difficulties they encounter in their endeavors to obtain an honest livelihood. The muster on the occasion comprised from seventy to eighty of the class specially invited, who were admitted on presenting their respective tickets of leave at the door.

We read that the first person to ascend the platform was a tidily-dressed and simple-looking bald old man of about sixty, who prefaced his recital with the words, “Fellow-men and brother sufferers.” Another urged that, after all, his class were not all burglars and garoters. He got a living himself as a costermonger, because he could not find better employment, and he should certainly be glad to catch at 15s. (\$3.50) a week, because he had a wife, one child, and an *aged* mother to keep. He had no other prospect before him than the workhouse for his old age, and he was anxious to scrape a little money together against a rainy day, but he had no wish to get it by robbery or outrage. He believed that the feeling of many others was the same. He had had his difficulties to contend with, but they were not so great as those that beset many others; for he was getting an honest living, thank 'Od! and, though he got only one meal on some days, that was far preferable to three meals and a pannikin of soup in the penitentiary. A man discharged with a ticket of leave was a branded felon, and his ticket was not a bit of good to him.

Alas for the houseless poor! There seems to be a general conviction of the necessity of in some way ridding the state of superfluous criminals. Various plans are

suggested. Among the most plausible of these, and one calculated, apparently, most completely to answer all purposes, is that proposed by a Mr. Reed. He desires to form reformatory corps, to be composed of convicts who have entitled themselves to tickets of leave. He proposes that these corps should be stationed along a line of military posts in advance of the colonies in South Africa, "in the direction of the native route lately traversed by Dr. Livingston." The men would receive a small pay for the first year; they would be employed in industrial labor, and they would gradually open up to trade and civilization a vast territory in which are found the productions both of a tropical and temperate climate. The annual cost of a convict in Pentonville prison is £48, while the cost of each convict employed in the reformatory corps would not exceed £18 a year. The whole plan is based upon the principle of stern military discipline and control, combined with rewards.

But enough of the poor. Let us take a look at the other extremes of British society. Lord Ernest Vane Tempest is the son of the late Marquis of Londonderry, and was some months ago an officer in the Guards. On account of a series of unmannerly and unmanly tricks upon an inferior he got into *Punch*, and was put out of the Guards. And intending thereupon to leave his native Island, and air his reputation abroad, a Mr. Hancock, a goldsmith and jeweler, brought suit against my Lord Ernest Vane Tempest to recover a debt of £159 19s. for jewelry. It was proved that the articles were sold to him between September, 1854, and May, 1855, and, seeing that he was not of age at that time, his mamma, Lady Londonderry, put on record for him a plea of infancy. The following passage occurred on the trial, in Mr. Edwin James's speech for plaintiff:

The first article in the plaintiff's bill was a diamond and ruby ring, which article, it had been decided, was a necessary for a nobleman. The next thing was an enamelled hair-rocket.

Mr. Baron Bramwell—"What is that for, Mr. James?"

Mr. James—"It is what you put a piece of hair in when you are attached to a young lady."

Mr. Baron Bramwell—"Then all that I can say is, that I have been without necessities all my life."

Mr. James—"Your lordship was never an officer in the Life-Guards."

The learned counsel then went on to say, that the next articles in the bill were a pair of onyx sleeve-links £3, and a set of gold studs, £2. Was it to be said that these were extravagant or unnecessary articles? The next item was a gold latch-door key. It was a piece of pride among the officers in that regiment to have their latch-door keys made of gold, and nearly every one of them possessed one of this metal. Then there was a gold turquoise Alma locket—that was to put somebody else's hair in, most likely, or to give to one of his family in remembrance of that battle. Then came an enamelled pearl chain necklace, £7 7s. That he could not wear outside his cravat, at all events. However, he had it. Then came an article which he scarcely thought could be disputed—a Russian leather-dressing-roll, without the razors, although it might be said that the defendant did not require shaving. Then there was repairing his gold Geneva watch. Surely, he was entitled to a watch, even if it were only that he might know when he was going too fast. Lady Londonderry had offered five shillings in the pound for her son's debt, which had been refused.

The jury in the case adjudged the "infant" had to pay all the debt he owed.

Talking of judges and juries brings to mind the fact that the liberty of the press in England received, the other day, a most violent poke in the ribs. To us, it would appear absurd to attempt to hold a newspaper responsible at law for faithful reports of speeches made in public assemblies. The *Durham County Advertiser*, a respectable journal, printed a faithful report of a meeting of the Hartlepool Improvement Commissioners, a public body legally constituted. Speeches appear to have been made of a highly-indiscreet character, involving personalities. The speeches were faithfully given; and the question which the chief justice was called upon to settle upon a demurrer was, whether the newspaper could be justified in law in reporting that which was spoken in such an assembly injurious to any individual. Lord Campbell, without going very elaborately into the count, and without having produced his authorities, has decided that reports of public meetings in the newspapers, however faithful and however true, are subject to the law of libel. This is carrying the libel law out to a most un-republican extent. Of course Lord Campbell's decision will be a legal precedent till it is overruled by higher authority, which, we may take it for granted, will be done just so soon as any influential journal, such as the *Times*, shall be held responsible for faithful reports.

The work upon which Hugh Miller, the geologist, was engaged at the time of his death, was, it appears, just completed, when that melancholy event occurred. Even the preface was written by its author. The Scotch publishers immediately put it in hand, and the advance sheets being sent to Mr. Miller's former publishers in this country, Messrs. Gould and Lincoln, of Boston, they have made such good speed with it that the book is just published. It will well sustain Mr. Miller's fame as a clear reasoner, and an acute and original thinker. The book is called, "The Testimony of the Rocks; or, the Bearing of Geology on the Two Theologies, Revealed and Natural." It is illustrated by over one hundred engravings. It is the largest geological work, as well as the most popular and able, which Mr. Miller has written. Among the topics to which a separate and elaborate discussion is devoted, are Moses's Vision of the Creation, Bearing of Geology upon the two Theologies, Natural and Revealed, The Noachian Deluge, The Discoverable and the Revealed. In one of the chapters—on the Creation—the author argues that the revelation of Creation, as given in Genesis, was addressed to the eye and not to the ear of Moses. The account is a description of what Moses saw in a vision, not a description dictated by inspiration in so many words. He supposes that the Almighty caused a phantasmagoric picture of the Six Days to pass before the eyes of Moses, and that he describes these appearances. He thus saw each great day, or *Æon*, under its most characteristic aspect.

The space allotted to this letter will not permit of making such an extract as would give the reader a plain understanding of the position Mr. Miller takes. I may say, however, that his reasoning is identical with that suggested by a writer in your magazine near eighteen months ago, who, if I mistake not, was indebted for the thought to a German author. One paragraph from Mr. Miller I must give.

"Let us suppose," says he, "that this creative vision took place far from man, in an untrodden recess of the

Midian desert, ere yet the vision of the burning bush had been vouchsafed; and that, as in the vision of St. John in Patmos, voices were mingled with scenes, and the ear as certainly addressed as the eye. A 'great darkness' first falls upon the prophet, like that which in an earlier age fell upon Abraham, but without the 'horror'; and, as the divine Spirit moves on the face of the wildly-troubled waters, as a visible aurora enveloped by the pitchy cloud, the great doctrine is orally enunciated, that 'in the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.' Unreckoned ages, condensed in the vision into a few brief moments, pass away; the creative voice is again heard, 'Let there be light,' and straightway a gray, diffused light springs up in the east, and, casting its sickly gleam over a cloud-limited expanse of steaming, vaporous seas, journeys through the heaven toward the west. One heavy, sunless day is made the representative of myriads; the faint light waxes fainter; it sinks beneath the dim, undefined horizon: the first scene of the drama closes upon the seer; and he sits awhile on his hill-top in darkness, solitary, but not sad, in what seems to be a calm and starless night."

So he suggests of the visions of succeeding days. He says, in conclusion, "Rightly understood, I know not a single scientific truth that militates even against the minutest or least prominent of the details of this suggested theory."

Having mapped off nearly all the land, we are now in a fair way to have the bottom of the sea mapped off for us. Professor Forehammer, of the University of Kiel, has had a submarine map engraved to illustrate his work, now in press, on the Ruins of Troy. The map is constructed on the same principle as the common geographical maps, with a shading of greater or lesser strength, to denote the mountains and other inequalities in the bed of the sea. Professor Forehammer has decided to call the charts constructed on his new system "Bentheographical maps," from the Ionic word *Benthos*, signifying depth.

Chevalier Bunsen is engaged at Heidelberg upon his new translation of the Bible for the people, with a complete commentary, two volumes of which will appear this year. His "God in History," the first volume of which has already appeared, is being put into English by Miss Winkworth, an English lady, who has very ably translated Mr. Bunsen's previous books.

Harriet Martineau, now in her fifty-fifth year, and the most voluminous of female authors, continues to reside on her little farm at Ambleside, near the haunts which the poetry of Wordsworth has made memorable, but in such a state of bodily ill-health that her death may be expected at any moment. She has just published a Christmas book, illustrated by William Banks, called "Sketches from Life." It consists of original tales.

Berger, the French poet, who is now in his seventy-seventh year, has just completed the continuation and revival of his Autobiography. It is to be published within a year after his death, in one volume.

The celebrated mathematician and astronomer, Dr. Gustav Adolph Jahn, died at Leipzig, on the 5th of January, after a long and painful illness. Many astronomical works of great merit have made his name known in the scientific world, among others a pamphlet on the great comet of 1556, called the Melancthon comet.

The Sheffield Iris, formerly edited by the poet Montgomery, has been discontinued.

Mr. Thackeray has a contract from a publishing house

in London for the writing of a volume of a certain length at £6,000. Mr. Thackeray, calculating lately to a friend, how much this would come to per line, estimated it at three shillings English, or seventy-five cents per line. Pretty good pay.

A compliment is paid to American scholarship by a new English reprint of Dr. Anthon's classical works for students, the entire series of which are advertised by a London house at prices much above the American selling price.

A recent estimate fixes the number of public libraries in Paris at 35, with a total of 2,974,000 printed, and 104,000 MS. volumes. Of these 1,700,000 books and 80,000 MSS. are said to belong to the Bibliotheque Imperiale.

Mr. Stewart, the celebrated dry goods merchant of New York, has, I am told, one of the choicest private libraries in the city. What is better yet to be said of him, is that his library, well kept, and perfectly arranged, is open to his friends at all times, freely and without reserve. Used in this way, books do good. Locked up, they are, I sincerely hope, a source of misery to their possessors.

In American literature, the "Biographical Essays" of Henry T. Tuckerman have met with universal commendation. Mr. Tuckerman is not only a polished writer, but he has a keen, analytical turn of mind, and portrays and dissects character with a fidelity and minuteness which is delightful to the thinker, and which will lead people to think who are not in the habit of doing so.

Rev. Dr. Cheever has gathered into a volume the lectures on slavery, delivered in his church during the past winter. The radical idea of these discourses is the absolute sinfulness of slavery, and his argument, of course, is based, as that of an orthodox clergyman should be, on the Bible. The subject is thoroughly handled, and without gloves. The book has not found a publisher, and appears without publisher's name on the title-page.

Right Rev. Bishop Clarke, in a late lecture at Cambridge, prophesied strange things to happen "fifty years hence." I close with an extract:

"Fifty years hence the newly-married pair will step into an emporium for the sale of houses, look over the book of patterns, select one to suit their taste and means, order it, and it will be sent home in the morning, put together and occupied at night.

"In traveling, as great changes will take place. Instead of the dusty road and crowded car, there will be a splendid locomotive hotel, flying over a road carpeted with turf and bordered with shade-trees, and heralding its approach with sweet music, instead of the demoniac shriek of the steam-whistle, and labeled, 'Through from Boston to San Francisco in four days.'

"Instead of the unsightly telegraph poles, there will be, fifty years hence, a net-work underground, and under the bosom of the deep, and it will click off thoughts instead of words. Then the electric battery will light all the street lamps at once, enable all the clocks in the city to keep exact time, and kindle the beacons on the dangerous rocks, where now men hazard their lives and wear out their lonely days.

"Then the author will not write by our slow process, losing his rarest fancies, but he will sit down to the newest-invented chirographical instruments, and putting his fingers on the keys, write as fast as he can possibly think."

Literary Notices.

NEW BOOKS.

We have rarely read any thing more rich in evangelical truth, than the discourses preached by Dr. Hannah and Rev. Mr. Jobson, before the last General conference. The themes are among the most sublime that can occupy the soul and fire the eloquence of the Christian minister: "The Method of Man's Reconciliation with God," and "The Fullness of Christian Privilege." These sermons may also be regarded as models of exegetical and practical sermonizing. Messrs. Swormstedt & Poe have got them up in superb style—fine open page, beautiful white paper, and the mechanical execution faultless throughout. 16mo., 192 pages. Price, 30 cents, with the usual discount.

REV. M. P. GADDIS, who has been eminently successful as the author of "The Foot-Prints of an Itinerant," has just brought out "Brief Recollections of the Rev. George W. Walker," in a 12mo. volume of some 550 pages. Price, \$1. Mr. Walker was a man of mark in the history of western Methodism—a noble, warm-hearted, manly Christian man. These "Recollections" have just been laid before us, and we have not yet had time to examine them; but we can not doubt that they will be honorable to his memory, and useful to the Church. Published for the author, by Swormstedt & Poe.

THE Harpers have recently added to their classical library Mr. Buckley's critical and literal translation of Euripides, in two volumes 12mo., 402, 335 pages. These translations place in a very cheap form, the richest productions of the classic ages of Greece and Rome, so far as they can be embodied in a translation, within the reach of every English student. For sale by H. W. Derby & Co., Cincinnati.

These translations are preceded by a very fine introduction, from which we excerpt a passage:

"The style of Euripides is, generally speaking, easy; and I can mention no author from whom a taste for elegant Greek and a facility in composition can more easily be derived. Some of his plays have suffered severely from the ravages of time, the ignorance of copyists, and the more dangerous officiousness of grammarians. Some passages of the Bacchæ, Rhesus, Troades, and the two Iphigenias, despite the ingenuity and erudition of such scholars as Porson, Elmsley, Monk, Burges, and a host of others, must still remain mere matter for guessing. Hermann's Euripides is, as a whole, sadly unworthy the abilities of the Humboldt of Greek literature.

"The present volume contains the most popular of our author's works, according to present usage. But the spirit which is gradually infusing itself into the minds of those who are most actively engaged in the educational system of England, fully warrants a hope that Porson's 'four plays' will shortly cease to be the boundaries of the student's acquaintance with Euripides."

PERIODICALS AND PAMPHLETS.

THE American republic of letters are under immense obligations to Messrs. L. Scott & Co., New York, for their republication of the four leading English Quarterlies. The Westminster, now before us, contains, 1. Worldli-

ness and Other-Worldliness; the Poet Young. 2. Capabilities and Disabilities of Women. 3. English Law—its Oppression and Confusion. 4. State of Parties in Italy since 1848. 5. Revision of the English Bible. 6. Herat and the Persian War. 7. Boiling Water. 8. The Mysteries of Cephalonia. 9. Contemporary Literature. In the Westminster are two articles—those on the poet Young, and on Bible Revision—which reveal not merely the skeptical tendencies of this Review, but its deep malignity to evangelical religion.

The Edinburgh Review for January, 1857, has, 1. A highly appreciative and most favorable notice of Prescott's Philip II and his Times. This article also reviews Motley's Dutch Republic. 2. Human Longevity—an interesting paper, but void of practical good. 3. Convocation. 4. Ferguson's Hand-book of Architecture. 5. Macaulay's History of England. The writer lauds highly this great national work. 6. Rights and Liabilities of Husband and Wife. 7. French Society under the Directory. 8. Scottish Lawyers and English Critics. 9. Parliamentary Committees and Railway Legislation. 10. India, Persia, and Afghanistan. The number is one of marked ability, even for this able Review.

The four Quarterlies, together with Blackwood's Magazine, are published for \$10 per annum—each, separately, three dollars.

"THE Work and Reward of an Itinerant Minister," and "Divine Providence; or, Foreknowledge and the Influence of Motives consistent with Free Agency and God's Government of Events," are the titles of two excellent discourses, by Rev. H. D. Sheldon, of the Delaware conference. Published at the Western Book Concern, for the author:

THE Twenty-First Annual Catalogue of the America Seminary, Dutchess county, N. Y., has been received. Principal, Rev. C. D. Foss, A. M., assisted by seven teachers. Students—gentlemen, 197; ladies, 138; total, 335.

If any of our readers have occasion to travel, we recommend to them Appleton's Railway and Steam Navigation Guide. It is the most complete work published in that line.

We had before this prepared a notice of the Christian Advocate and Journal, but it was crowded out. The enlargement and new dress of that paper make a great improvement in its general appearance. It is decidedly attractive. Its good looks no less than good matter recommend it strongly to the public. We hope the increase of its circulation, and of its usefulness may be commensurate with the zeal and efforts of its editor and publishers.

THEOLOGICO-GEOLOGY; or, the Teachings of Scripture illustrated by the conformation of the Earth's Crust, is the subject of an address delivered before the Bible class in the Methodist Episcopal Church, at Ann Arbor, by Prof. Winchell, of the Michigan University. We anticipate a rich treat in the reading of this address, which we shall enjoy at the earliest practicable moment.

Notes and Queries.

"TO HAVE TO DO A THING."—The word *have* in this and similar constructions expresses *obligation* or *necessity*; a sense which accedes to the word by a process precisely identical, in its first step, with the process by which, in Greek and Latin, the familiar sense of *ability* has been evolved from the radical sense of the corresponding words—*εχειν* and *habere*.

The proper meaning of the word *have* in each of these languages, is that of *possession*. But according to the popular, and herein true apprehension, *possession* implies *the ability to do*—he who *has* is *able*. Indeed, this very word *able* is but a slightly obscured form of the Latin word *habilis*, which, like its primitive *habere*, to have, would seem, of its own radical force, to embrace the idea of possession, as ever, in the nature of things, underlying the idea of ability. Thus far the Greek and Latin had developed the radical idea; but the common sense, or the common conscience of our Saxon fathers carried the process for our English word, one step further. Not only—according to this wider induction, this profounder moral sense of the fitness of things—not only he who has, is able; but he who is *able*, *ought to do*. The perception of the ability rises into the higher feeling of moral incumbrance, or even of physical necessity. So that to say, "*I have to do*," is but another mode of expressing the necessity which is laid on me—"I must do."

W. G. Ws.

MENTAL INTROSPECTION.—A singular illustration of the introspective power of the mind, its faculty to project itself from without inward upon itself, no less than from within outward upon external objects, is seen in the fact that one can write upon his own brow, or upon a tablet laid against it, with equal facility in either direction, to the right, or to the left.

When an ordinary manuscript is held against the light and read from the opposite side of the paper, the writing presents itself with both the characters and the direction of the writing reversed; pretty much as the old Hebrews were in the habit of writing, and the Greeks, too, for that matter, before they became civilized. In an attempt at a similar backward style of chirography, in English, there are probably very few persons, however ready with the pen, who would succeed in shaping legible characters, even were the paper spread before their eyes, and the attempt made with all painstaking. But any one can write on his brow just as readily backward as forward; not that he can do either very easily or very well, having no use of his eyes; but that either direction seems perfectly natural to him, accordingly as his mind contemplates the surface, whether as spread before "the mind's eye" from within, in which case one writes from left to right on his brow, making the characters backward on the paper; or as spread before it from without, in which case the direction of the writing is from right to left, and the characters on the paper assume their ordinary form.

M. E. S.

AN EPIGRAM.—

"Begot by butchers, but by bishops bred;
How high his honor holds his haughty head!"

Can any of your correspondents inform me respecting

the authorship of this epigram, which is noted as the happiest specimen of alliteration in the English language; and whether, as I suspect, it was originally written against Cardinal Wolsey, or Bishop Warburton, to either of which two great men it would literally apply?

G. G.

PAINTERS' ANACHRONISMS.—A painter should be well read in history, especially as to customs and manners in different ages. The want of this knowledge has led to some comical blunders in "the divine art." And contributor to the Notes and Queries says: "A collection of painters' anachronisms might be made both interesting and amusing, if they have not as yet been gathered together: I believe no D'Israeli has as yet appeared to chronicle the 'Curiosities of Art.'"

"One of the most amusing I have stumbled on is mentioned in these ponderous volumes, by Dibdin, wherein he narrates his foreign adventures in 1820, the 'Picturesque Tour.'"

"Noticing the cheap chap-books then so popular in that part of France, which had their center in Caen, he gives an illustration from one of them, conveying one of these artists' conception of the 'Departure of the Prodigal Son,' who 'is about to mount his horse and leave his father's house, in the cloak and cock'd hat of a French officer!'"

"In architectural details the painter is more startling still, for if there has never been a disposition to *act*, there has never been wanting inclination to *paint* 'in the living present.'"

"Gothic cathedrals and convents form backgrounds to Scripture subjects, and, indeed, the conjectural architecture of Palestine alone would form no small division of the proposed collection."

"Then, again, the faces and figures of the models are generally traceable to the land of the painter; there never was a race so innocent of ethnological distinctions as these artists. Albert Durer's 'Prodigal with the Swine,' for instance, a dissipated German Herr, with a lank face, drooping mustache, and hair enough to put to shame the full-bottomed wigs of a later century."

"A Dutch rendering of 'Christ and the Crown of Thorns,' has for its scene a pot-house, and the Roman soldiers are all Dutch boors, and the room and furniture are all conformed to the style known among them."

"The last instance of this carelessness of the flight of time, was in the article of costume, in a painting of a Scripture subject. In the foreground of this subject a figure was represented in the slashed breeches of the fifteenth century!"

HOW OUR RELATIONS TALKED.—The following *jeu d'esprit* places in a clear light the odiousness of a phase in human nature by no means uncommon. For this reason we give it a place among our gatherings:

When God removed Papa to heaven,
And Ma was left to strive for seven,
With scarce enough for burial fees—
So lingering was poor Pa's disease—
Though full of grief we'd no despair,
Relations spoke so kind and fair.

Our Grandpa said that he, for one,
Would think, and see what could be done;
Our Uncle William and our Aunt
Hoped we should never come to want;
But Mother's Brothers talked the best,
A great deal kinder than the rest;
They said that home they'd take us all,
Only their rooms were few and small.
We'd promises from Uncle Page,
To push us forward when of age.
They then went home—but stop, I miss,
They gave us every one a kiss,
And said, "Be good, and mind Mamma,
And we will be to you—Papa!"
So much engaged were they at home,
For many weeks they could not come;
Until they heard Mamma had found
A writing for five hundred pound,
Which some insurance office paid.
So Ma commenced a genteel trade;
And then they came—it seemed so funny
To beg Mamma to lend them money!
But Ma said, "No! if you are poor,
A trifle will your life insure;
And then 'the office'—our best friend—
Whenever your good life shall end,
Will comfort to your orphans send."

LUCID AND LURID.—In the hymn beginning,

"I would not live away; I ask not to stay,"

there is a line which reads,

"The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here."

The word lurid was not written by the author of this hymn. He wrote it,

"The few lurid moments that dawn on us here."

It is ridiculous to say

"The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here,
Are enough for life's woes—full enough for its cheer."

Yours,

P.

THE VOICES AT THE THRONE.—Our thanks are due to two of our friends who have furnished copies of the following beautiful hymn, in answer to the query of a correspondent. Its authorship is attributed, with some degree of uncertainty, to T. Westwood. It is remarkable how many beautiful waifs are floating upon the sea of literature:

A LITTLE CHILD.

A little meek-faced, quiet, village child,
Sat singing by her cottage-door at eve,
A low, sweet, Sabbath song. No human ear
Caught the faint melody; no human eye
Beheld the upturned aspect, or the smile
That wreathed her innocent lips the while they breathed
The oft-repeated burden of the hymn,
Praise God! Praise God!

A seraph by the throne

In full glory stood. With eager hand,
He smote the golden harp-string, till a flood
Of harmony on the celestial air
Welled forth unceasing. There, with a great voice,
He sang the "Holy, holy evermore,
Lord God almighty!" And the eternal courts
Thrilled with the rapture, and the hierarchies,
Angel, and rapt archangel, throbbed and burned
With vehement adoration.

Higher yet

Rose the majestic anthem, without pause,
Higher, with rich magnificence of sound,
To its full strength; and still the infinite heavens
Rang with the "Holy, holy evermore!"

Till trembling with excessive awe and love
Each sceptered spirit sank before the throne,
With a mute halleluah.

But even then,

While the ecstatic song was at its height,
Stole in an alien voice—a voice that seemed
To float, float upward from some world afar—
A meek and childlike voice, faint, but how sweet,
That blended with the spirit's rushing strain,
Even as a fountain's music, with the roll
Of the reverberated thunder.

Loving smiles

Lit up the beauty of each angel's face
At that new utterance—smiles of joy that grew
More joyous yet, as ever and anon
Was heard the simple burden of the hymn,
"Praise God! Praise God!"

And when the seraph's song

Had reached its close, and o'er the golden lyre
Silence hung brooding—when the eternal courts
Rang with the echoes of his chant sublime,
Still through the abeyance, that wandering voice
Came floating upward from its world afar—
Still murmured sweet from the celestial air,
"Praise God! Praise God!"

"AUREA CATENA HOMERI."—The "Aurea Catena Homeri"—*Golden chain of Homer*—derives its name, of course, from the celebrated passage just at the beginning of the eighth book of Homer's *Iliad*. We quote it from Cowper's version. The Olympic Zeus thus asserts his supremacy over all other powers, in this challenge:

" . . . Let ye down the GOLDEN CHAIN
From heaven, and pull at its inferior links,
Both goddesses and gods. But *Me* your King,
Supreme in wisdom, ye shall never draw
To Earth from Heaven, strive with *Me* as ye may.
But I, if willing to exert my power,
The earth itself, itself the sea, and you,
Will lift with ease together, and will wind
THE CHAIN around the spiry summit sharp
Of the Olympian, that all things upheaved
Shall hang in the mid Heav'n. So much am I
Alone superior both to Gods and Men."—*Il.* 19-30.

The allusions to this Homeric Chain in old writers are very numerous. An English writer makes a very fine collection of them. We excerpt a few. In *Paradise Lost*, Chaos observes, in his speech to Satan:

"Now lately Heaven and Earth, another World,
Hung o'er my realm, link'd in a Golden Chain
To that side Heav'n from whence your legions fell."

Book vi. l. 1004.

A little further on, in the same book, l. 1050, Milton again alludes to it:

"And fast by, hanging in a Golden Chain
This pendent world, in bigness as a Star
Of smallest magnitude, close by the Moon."

In his *Theætetus*, Socrates argues that "motion is good both for soul and body, but rest, the contrary;" and in proving this, observes:

"Shall I add further, with respect to the stillness of the air, and calms, and things of that kind, that rest corrupts and destroys, but the contrary preserves. And besides this, I shall put the finishing stroke to my argument by compelling you to admit, that by *The Golden Chain*, Homer meant *nothing else* than the Sun; and intimated, that as long as the Universe and the Sun are moved, all things exist and are preserved, both among gods and among men; but if they were to stand still, as

it were bound, all things would be destroyed; and, as the saying is, turned upside down."

Proclus, "the Platonic successor," in his work on the Theology of Plato, thus expresses himself:

"Union is present with the world according to the bond of analogy; but much more from the One Soul and the One Intellect which it participates. For through these greater bonds and a more excellent union proceed into the Universe. And still beyond these unions, Divine friendship, and the supply of good, contain and connect the whole world. For the bond which proceeds from intellect and soul is strong, as Orpheus also says; but the Union of the GOLDEN CHAIN; [that is, of the Deific Series,] is still greater, and the cause of greater good to all things."

In his Commentary on the *Timæus* of Plato occurs a noble passage:

"The first analogy, according to which Nature inserts harmony in her works, and according to which the Demiurgus adorns and arranges the universe, is one certain Life, and one Reason, proceeding through all things; according to which, sympathy is ingenerated in all mundane essences as existing in one animal, and governed by one Nature. . . . And this is the strong bond, as the theologian [Orpheus] says, which is extended through all things, and is connected by the GOLDEN CHAIN. For Jupiter, after this, constitutes the *Golden Chain*, according to the admonitions of Night:

'But when your power around the whole has spread
A strong coercive bond, a *Golden Chain*
Suspend from aether.'

" . . . This Chain proceeds from the first through the middle, to the last, as extending and unfolding itself as far as to the last of things. And it recurs from the last to the first, as converting all things through harmony to the Intelligible Cause, from which the division of Nature and the separation and interval of bodies are produced. . . . For through analogy, the Universe is completely rendered one. . . . It makes all things to be in all, and exhibits the same things in each other, according to all possible modes."

Sir Thos. Brown remarks:

"In a wise supputation, all things begin and end in the Almighty. There is a nearer way to heaven than *Homer's Chain*; an easy logic may conjoin a heaven and earth in one argument, and, with less than a sorites, resolve all things to God. For though we christen effects by their most sensible and nearest causes, yet is God the true and infallible cause of all; whose concurrence, though it be general, yet doth it subdivide itself into the particular actions of every thing, and is that Spirit, by which each singular essence not only subsists, but performs its operation."—*Rel. Med., Sec. xviii.*

Of the Golden Chain of Laws, N. Culverwell says:

"Obligation is the very form and essence of a law; now every law obliges in *Nomine Dei*; but so glorious a name did never bind to any thing that was wicked and unequal. *Πᾶς δίκαιος ἐνδὲ καὶ τῆς δίκαιης ἐξουσίας*, and that only is countenanced from heaven. The *Golden Chain of Laws*, 'tis indeed tied to the Chair of Jupiter, and a command is only vigorous as it issues out, either immediately or remotely, from the great Sovereign of the world. So that τὸ εἶναι is the sure bottom and foundation of every law."—*A Discourse of the Light of Nature. Oxf. 1689, p. 19.*

We have space only for one more item. That we select from Archbishop Leighton:

"Two links of the *Chain*, namely, Election and Salvation, are up in heaven in God's own hand; but this middle one—that is, Effectual Calling—is let down to earth, into the hearts of his children, and they laying hold on it have sure hold on the other two; for no power can sever them."

Additional selections on this subject we purpose furnishing in our next issue.

FORTY YEARS AGO.—Mr. Editor, I am unable to trace the following poem to its origin. It has been ascribed to Longfellow; but I find no authority for referring it to that paternity. It seems "Hoodish;" but I believe it is not Hood's. I send it for your Note and Query department, however, on account of its touching allusions to "Forty years ago." You will not wonder that I can appreciate them when I say you know it was "forty years ago" that I played upon the village green, though, indeed, I must admit there are some expressions in the poem that may not suit the tastes of all your readers:

I've wander'd to the village, Tom, I've sat beneath the tree,
Upon the school-house play-ground, that shelter'd you and me;

But none were left to greet me, Tom, and few were there to know

That played with us upon the green, some forty years ago.

The grass is just as green, Tom; barefooted boys at play,
Were sporting just as we did then, with sports just as gay;
But the master sleeps beneath the hill, which, coated o'er with snow,

Afforded us a sliding place, now forty years ago.

The old school-house is altered now, the benches are replaced
By new ones very like the same our penknives had defaced;
But the same old bricks are in the wall, and the bell sways to and fro,

Its music just the same, dear Tom, 'twas forty years ago.

The boys were playing some old game, beneath that same old tree;

I have forgot the name just now—you've played the same with me,

On that same spot—'twas played with knives, by throwing so and so:

The leader had a task to do there, forty years ago.

The river's running just as still; the willows on its side
Are larger than they were, Tom; the stream appears less wide;
But the grapevine swing is missing now, where once we played the bean,

And swung our sweethearts—pretty girls—just forty years ago.
The spring that bubbled near the hill, close by the spreading beech,

Is very low; 'twas once so high that we could almost reach;
And kneeling down to get a drink, dear Tom, I started so
To see how sadly I had changed since forty years ago.

Near by the spring, upon an elm, you know I cut your name,
Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom, and you did mine the same;

Some heartless wretch has peel'd the bark; 'twas dying sure,
but slow,

Just as that one whose name you cut died, forty years ago.

My lids have long been dry, Tom, but tears came in my eyes;
I thought of her I loved so well, those early broken ties!
I visited the old church-yard, and took some flowers to strew
Upon the graves of those we loved some forty years ago.

Some in the church-yard laid, Tom, some sleep beneath the yew:

But none remain of our old class, excepting me and you;
And when our time is come, Tom, and we are called to go,
I hope they'll lay us where we played just forty years ago.

Mirror of Apothegm, Wit, Repartee, and Anecdote.

DR. PARR AND HIS GOOD LADY.—The Doctor and his lady had occasionally divers little bickerings, as the lady did not approve of his expending so much of his money on "dusty tomes of ancient lore," and Parr would be accountable to no one. The chairs of the library had been in a sad condition; indeed, there was no ground to hope for a secure seat in them; they threatened the incumbent with a downfall, which, though it might not create such a sensation in the world as the falling of a kingdom, "the crash of a state," yet would, perhaps, be very serious to the suffering person.

Mrs. Parr, therefore, one morning in the library, took occasion to accost the Doctor:

"Mr. Parr, we should have new chairs for the library; they are in a very sad way."

"I can not afford it, Mrs. Parr," replied the Doctor.

"Not afford it," returned the lady, "when you can give ten guineas for a musty book which you never open!"

"I tell you I can not afford it," vociferated the Doctor.

"Not afford it," said the lady, "when your rents are coming in so fast!"—pointing to the garments of her spouse—"when you are in as much need of repair as the library chairs."

The Doctor, touched by this stroke of humor, applied immediately both to the cabinet-maker and the tailor.

LITERATURE HOT PRESSED.—A printer, observing two bailiffs pursuing an ingenious but distressed author, remarked that it was "a new edition of the Pursuits of Literature, unbound, but hot pressed."

FREAKS OF THE TYPES.—A business house in New York, wishing to advertise a quantity of brass hoppers, such as are used in coffee-mills, find themselves announced as having a quantity of *grasshoppers* on hand. Another offers for sale a large quantity of *fun-powder*, and several boxes of *pigs*. But this is not so bad as the person who had "a *louse* to let, possession given immediately." In 1717 an edition of the Bible was printed, known as the *Vinegar Bible*, from an *erratum* in the title to the twentieth chapter of Luke, in which, "Parable of the *Vineyard*" was printed, "Parable of the *Vinegar*." A distinguished divine in England had a proof-sheet sent him from the printer's, in which a passage from Job ii, 4, was printed as follows: "Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath, will he give for his *wife*." The doctor returned it, with the last word corrected, "life." This correction, however, escaped the compositor's notice, and soon back came the revise with the same expression—"all that a man hath, will he give for his *wife*."

This time, the doctor, partly for the sake of a joke, and partly to attract the attention of the compositor, sent back the proof with this expressive sentence written on the margin, opposite the word "wife:" "This depends upon circumstances."

A GOOSE'S HEAD ON THE STAGE.—A person throw the head of a goose on the stage of the Bellville Theater. Cotro, advancing to the front, said, "Gentlemen, if any one among you has lost his head, do not be uneasy, for I will restore it at the conclusion of the performance."

A POET'S CARE OF HIS MONEY.—Lessing, the celebrated German poet, was remarkable for a frequent absence of mind. Having missed money at different times without being able to discover who took it, he determined to put the honesty of his servant to the test, and left a handful of gold on the table. "Of course you counted it," said one of his friends. "Counted it?" said Lessing, rather embarrassed; "no, I forgot that."

NOT HIMSELF.—"How are you this morning?" said Fawcett to Cooke.

"Not at all myself," says the tragedian.

"Then I congratulate you," replied Fawcett; "for he whoever else you will, you will be a gainer by the bargain."

A PLAY WASHED OUT.—It is an authentic anecdote of Hogarth, that he was wont to make certain miniature sketches on his thumb-nail, to be elaborated at an after time. A certain dramatist followed the practice. He would write a plot in the same limited space in short-hand. He was once consulted on a new drama, by a manager. "I have it," exclaimed the ready artist; and he immediately marked the plot upon his thumb-nail. Weeks passed over, and no play was presented. The manager waited on the author. "Now, about the piece? It's done, of course; you took it on your thumb-nail!" "To be sure," replied the author, "and there it was for some time; but, as ill luck would have it, I one morning, unfortunately—washed my hands!"

A PUFF AND A PROMISE.—In 1849 a man in New York, who wished to obtain office under the Government, sent to the New York Courier and Enquirer a puff of himself, with a promise of fifty dollars in case he succeeded. The editors of the paper very properly published both *puff* and *promise*.

MADAME DE SEVIGNE.—The intellectual acquirements of this lady are well known to every admirer of French literature; and her letters to her daughter, the Countess de Grignan, are regarded as the best models of epistolary composition. "One day," says Menage, "I had hold of one of Madame de Sevigne's hands between mine. Upon drawing it away, M. Pelletier, who was present, said, 'Menage, with all your talents, that is the finest work that ever came from your hands.'"

A STUTTERING LETTER.—A certain old woman took from the post-office in the town of G., a letter. Not knowing how to read, and being anxious to know the contents, supposing it to be from one of her absent sons, she called on a person near to read the letter to her. He accordingly began, and read—

"Charleston, June 23, 1821.

"Dear Mother?" Then, making a stop to find out what followed, as the writing was rather bad, the old lady exclaimed, "O, 'tis from poor Jerry; he always stuttered."

WANT OF A PURSUIT.—A man without a predominant inclination is not likely to be either useful or happy. He who is every thing is nothing.

Sideboard for Children.

THE application in any form of cant phrases to the sacred rites of religion, always grates harshly upon our sensibilities. A single word in the following made us pause over it; but, on the whole, the moral of it is too good to be lost:

Some good people in our region think that sins are washed away, and we become the children of God by being immersed in water. A little cousin of mine heard one of these preachers exhorting the people to be baptized, that they might become "the lambs of God." The next day little Ada was playing with a couple of white kittens, when a new thought seemed to strike her. "O, you be kittens," said she; "now I am going to baptize you and make lambs of you." Suiting the action to the word, she plunged them both into a tub of water. On taking them out, she said: "Now you are not kittens any longer, but pretty lambs." The kittens were glad to escape away. Finding them after they had become dry, she cried out, "O you rogues, I baptised you and made lambs of you; but you are kittens still." Now, Mr. Editor, I fear that many who think they become the children of God by being immersed in water, when they get dry, will be found to be of the old nature. We need something more than water to change us.

G. W. T.

HERE is a little sketch of "Bishop Hedding among the children." It is given by an old and intimate friend of the Bishop—one who is himself venerable as a minister, and distinguished as a divine. Our corner for "the little ones" seems to have strong attractions for even grave D. D.'s and learned professors:

Though the late Bishop Hedding was childless, no man that we ever knew loved children more tenderly, or was more fond of their company. Their guileless friendship and innocent prattle had powerful charms for him. He delighted to tell amusing anecdotes of them. Perhaps one or two of them for your SIDEBOARD, may not be unacceptable.

While attending the New York annual conference, some fifteen years since, he was quartered with a Methodist family, consisting of husband and wife, and two lovely little boys—the latter about four and six years of age. They were great friends of the Bishop, called him grandpa, and were ever ready to render him any little act of service. All their friendship was reciprocated. So "gentlemanly" a little couple the Bishop said he scarcely ever before saw. He was so pleased with them that, whenever he came in from conference, he would seek their company with a view to unbend his mind.

One evening at tea the hostess expressed much regret that she could not hear a particular preacher who was expected to conduct the services at her church that evening. She alternated with her servant in attending public worship during the session of the conference, and, unfortunately for her, it was the turn of the servant to go that evening. The Bishop said,

"Sister, let me plan for you. I am too much fatigued to attend myself, or to do any thing else that requires mental effort. I must rest, and will stay at home, and take care of the little boys. They will afford me just that sort of recreation which my exhausted energies now demand."

When the sister satisfied herself that the Bishop was quite in earnest, she very gladly accepted his proposition. After the family had all gone off to meeting, the little fellows approached the Bishop, and the elder one, laying his hand on his knee, said:

"Come, grandpa, won't you please to tell us a story?"

The manner of the application was so respectful, and so supplicating, that the Bishop could not decline.

"Let me see," said the Bishop, "have you ever heard of the story of Joseph?"

"No," was the instant response; "who was Joseph?"

"That," returned the Bishop, "is just what I was going to tell you."

Accordingly he went on with the history of Joseph; when he soon found himself speaking to the most deeply-interested hearers that had ever stood before him. Their little faces responded to every sentiment evolved by the narrative. When Joseph's fortune brightened, their eyes would sparkle, and their whole expression would be that of the most perfect satisfaction. But when that fortune waned, they would exhibit the profoundest sympathy; their eyes filling with tears, their lips trembling, their cheeks turning pale. The Bishop said that he himself was never before so affected by the narrative. New reflections were suggested to his mind; so that it took him nearly an hour to tell the story, and to make the proper application of it to his *dual* congregation. When he had finished, they still stood looking him in the face, as if eager to hear more. At length the elder said:

"Is that all, grandpa?"

When told that it was, he took a long breath, as if his excited feelings were sinking back to their more natural state, and said,

"Now, grandpa, I'll tell you a story."

"Very well," said the Bishop; "I shall be happy to hear it."

The little fellow stood back, holding out his right hand, and otherwise assuming what he doubtless thought to be a very oratorical attitude, and pronounced with great vehemence what he had probably learned from some of the domestics, without the knowledge of his parents:

"Jack and Jill went up the hill,
To get a pail o' water;
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumblin' a'fter!"

The revulsion was overpowering. The Bishop felt that there was, indeed, but a step between the sublime and the ridiculous. The little fellow seemed quite satisfied that he had balanced accounts with the Bishop, while the latter was constrained to give himself up to uncontrollable laughter. It was some time after that we heard the Bishop tell this story, in a little domestic circle, and never but once before did we see him laugh so heartily. He said that several times during the night, after this interchange with his little friend, he awoke and thought of "Jack and Jill;" when he found himself so convulsed with laughter as literally to shake the whole bed.

ZETA.

THE following comes from Illinois. The mention of a cornfield dotted with golden pumpkins brings back a gleam of youthful sunshine to the soul:

In the fall of 1851 we moved from the village to a farm. East of the house, on a slight elevation of land, was a field of corn, thickly interspersed with golden pumpkins. Our little two-year old boy was very fond of standing on the porch and looking at them. He went out one evening at dusk, and saw the full moon rising, and exclaimed,

"O ma, look! look! a big pumpkin is coming right up out of the corn."

C. M. H.

It is due to say that our space will not admit all the items received for this department. From the mass we select those best adapted to its general design. Our thanks are due to our friends in all parts of the country for keeping up the supply. We receive your items as a *favor*—even when we can not give space to them. We have a large number filed for insertion.

Editor's Table.

PERILS AND SAFEGUARDS OF REPUTATION.—Very few persons have been in public and active life any great length of time without realizing some of the petty annoyances to which their position exposes them. Sometimes their acts, words, or supposed views will be misrepresented by those who, though honest enough in purpose, are deficient in attention or in power to comprehend. Sometimes envy, or interest, or blinded partisanship will distort and misrepresent. In this way it may come about, that for the time, a man's character, position, and views may be misapprehended even by those who are not unfriendly to him. And thus he suffers injury. This seems to be a sort of impost to which every public man is liable.

How such things are to be treated is a grave question. If they are of an aggravated character, and come from a responsible source, active defense may become necessary. It may be duty to one's self, to his family, and to the public, to call the slanderer to judgment. But if little or no responsibility attaches to the author of calumnies and slanders, or if no public interest is liable to suffer, it is better to let him gabble away till the thing cures itself. The slanderer, in striving to destroy the reputation of another, will often find that he has been gnawing a file, and that the only effect produced is the blunting of his own teeth. On the part of the assailed, this course may require some patience, some grace—but in the end it is no doubt the better way to get along.

A reputation which has been built up by years of steady and patient toil, must be supposed to possess some power of resistance to assault. When it was told Plato that certain individuals had uttered slanders against him, he replied: "I shall take care so to live that nobody will believe them." This was a noble sentiment; and though uttered by a heathen, it is worthy of a place among the maxims of Christian philosophy.

Then, too, in maintaining this position, a man preserves his own self-respect. A person of some propriety is passing along the street, when a whiffet rushes up to his heels, snapping and barking furiously. It is annoying; but what shall he do? Shall he pick up a bowlder or a club, and commence a pitched battle with the whiffet; or shall he walk quietly along, and let it bark away till it gets out of breath? In the former case he may succeed in frightening it, maiming it, or even dashing out its brains! But the most brilliant victory achieved in this way will hardly compensate for the loss of self-respect in being engaged in such a ridiculous war.

On the whole, then, we think it best, under all ordinary circumstances, patiently to pursue the path of duty, and let reputation vindicate itself from all petty assaults. This is the course we adopted for ourselves years ago; and this is now our answer to the brother who inquires: "Is it not a minister's duty, when he is slandered, to vindicate himself before the public?"

THE ENGRAVINGS FOR APRIL.—The view on the Great Miami is from an original painting, by Mr. Frankenstein, a well-known landscape painter of the west. The calm and quiet beauty of the scene will not fail to touch the

sensibilities of those who have souls capable of appreciating the beauties of nature and art.

But the likeness of "Fanny Forester" will probably be still more attractive to our readers. We are assured by a friend, who was personally acquainted with the subject, that it is a very exact likeness. As to the manner of its execution, the artist has done his very best; and if it don't give entire satisfaction, he will almost conclude that such a thing is impossible.

With our most guarded and studious effort, we find it impossible always to satisfy ourselves in the matter of engravings; but if we can keep up to the standard of the present month, we shall come very near what we aim at.

A PARLEY WITH OUR CONTRIBUTORS.—Two articles from our own pen are made to give place this month for others. The number is also made up, as our readers will perceive, almost entirely of original communications—altogether, we believe, except brief selections. Still a large number of articles lie over. Our contributors must have patience. We never before were so largely and so well supplied with articles, both in prose and poetry. Many thanks to our kind literary friends.

Our readers will find the "Personal Recollections of Summerfield, by Bishop Morris," of striking interest. They will also join us in the wish that the official duties and bodily health of the Bishop admitted of his writing more frequently for our pages. Bishop Morris never takes up the pen without having something to write; he never tires the reader, and, what is better, never fails to do him good.

We regret to find the article marred in a few places by typographical errors. On page 193, line 25 from the top, the second "wonder" should read wonders; on page 194, for "door-steps," read stair-steps; on page 195, supply "to" after the word "out," in line 27 from top; and in line 36, supply quotation marks after the word "rest."

The translation from the German, by Professor Nadal, carries the reader into a new region, almost untrodden by the explorer; and at the same time gives a graphic description of one of the great wonders of the world. We hope to hear from the Professor again in the same line.

To the name of Mrs. Judson—more so perhaps than to any other literary woman our country has produced—is attached a deep sympathetic interest. The appreciative sketch of her, from the pen of Alice Cary, is well worthy of perusal.

Reader, how would you like to take a trip with the presiding elder to "The Head of Holly," in his "next round?" Some tell us the presiding eldership is a mere "sinecure." So it may be in some places, possibly; but not on the district that includes "Holly."

We would like also to note the articles by Messrs. Bell, Nordhoff, Coggeshall, and others; but our space will not admit of it.

ARTICLES DECLINED.—*Poetry.*—"The Woman;" "The Traveler;" "The City of the Dead;" "On the Death of a Young Lady;" "Scenes from Mount Tabor;" "Hymn

to the Flowers;" "I Long to be There;" "Sunrise;" "Thoughts—Bright Thoughts;" "Farewell;" "The Death of Christ;" and "My Two Hours."

Prose.—"The Heart's Sorrow" awoke our sympathies, but will hardly do to publish. The author of "Paddle Your Own Canoe" must "try again." The author of "Lines from Memory," if studious, may make a writer.

SERIAL ARTICLES.—We are sufficiently apprised that serial articles are not as acceptable as others to the generality of our readers, and therefore avoid them when we can. We have quite a number now on hand; none of which we can use, unless we retrench some of them so as to bring them within the compass of one or two articles.

OUR COURSE STILL ONWARD.—Thanks be to our kind friends—friends of the Repository, our course is still upward. At this date, March 4th, we learn the publishers are issuing 34,000. Friends, shall it not reach at least 36,000 before the volume closes? Nay, shall it not reach that by the first of May? One little effort more on the part of every friend, and the work is done.

We have sometimes, in hours of gloom, questioned whether we ought not to be in another field; our heart has yearned for "a people" to whom we might regularly minister, and with whom we might enjoy the social sympathies that exist between pastor and people. But the support, and confidence, and encouragement of the Church, and the consciousness that we are where we are at her bidding, give us heart.

BUSINESS OF THE WESTERN BOOK CONCERN.—The Annual meeting of the Book Committee of the Western Book Concern, took place on the 18th of February last. The affairs and general management of the Concern were most carefully examined, and the Committee were enabled to act with entire unanimity.

The resources of the Concern are.....	\$246,738 07
Liabilities, including balance due the Methodist Episcopal Church South.....	79,161 61
Net capital.....	\$167,576 46
The profits for the year are.....	\$18,795 30
Book sales at Cincinnati.....	\$91,636 07
Periodical do.....	103,083 16
Total.....	\$194,719 23
Book sales at Chicago.....	\$55,985 79
Periodical do.....	38,414 90
Total.....	\$94,400 78
Grand total.....	\$289,120 01

The above figures show a gain in the business of the Book Concern, as compared with last year, of \$50,280.48.

In looking back over the reports of the Agents at New York, we find that the report dated Jan. 1, 1853, states that the sales for the preceding year were as follows:

Books.....	\$182,757 80
Periodicals.....	69,890 77
Total sales for the year.....	\$252,648 57

Since that the aggregate of the sales has not been published in their exhibit. The increase has no doubt been great. But the above shows that the Western Book Concern, in amount of business, is less than four years behind the parent establishment in New York. Surely she has proved a fruitful daughter. She is now fully of age, and acts for herself.

The report also shows the periodicals of the Western Book Concern to be in a most prosperous state. The annual meeting of the Book Committee occurs too early for

the most favorable showing—as some thousands of lagging subscribers usually come in after the middle of February. Yet enough is indicated in these returns to show that large gains will be realized. Even at that date the Western Christian Advocate had reached 27,232, and will no doubt reach at least 32,000; and that, too, notwithstanding the two new papers with which its old territory is now generously divided. This is certainly a high compliment to its editor and publishers; and the more so, as they have confined themselves strictly to the usual methods of extending the circulation of our journals.

The North-Western Christian Advocate showed the goodly list of 10,600, being a gain of 1,000. At this date it is much in advance of that, and will, we hope, not stop short of 14,000. The upward career of this paper has been most gratifying. It will, in the end, become one of our most widely circulated journals. Its patrons feel that the mantle of the departed Watson has fallen on the right successor, and well they may. The Depository at Chicago has been a prodigy of success. That city is the natural center of a vast and rich territory; and in addition to this, that territory is being rapidly occupied by a people who are ranked among the most intelligent and enterprising on the face of the globe. We can hardly wonder, then, at the rapid expansion of the Depository, and the wide circulation of the paper. Indeed, the editor of the Repository has reason to bow himself profoundly in the direction of the north-west. A circulation of 9,000 in that region, is no mean compliment—to the intelligence and good taste of the people.

The Central is got up in a style not inferior to the best of our papers. It enters the list bravely; and, notwithstanding all the disabilities under which it commenced, reported even at that early date 3,000 subscribers. Well done! we say. Only let the patronizing conferences rally around it in right good earnest—every preacher take hold of the matter in a way that says the thing *must go*, and "grand success" will be the result. *Success*, we think, is now certain; but "a grand success" is attainable. Try it, brethren. The first of May is not a bad time to send in subscribers.

The Christian [German] Apologist is also running up at a rate that must do the soul of its noble editor, Dr. Nast, good. It stood at the date referred to, 7,656—gain, 1,011. The "Sunday School Bell" has already 8,643 subscribers.

We are glad, also, to observe a gain in the Sunday School Advocate of 10,884 at Cincinnati, and 10,000 at Chicago—making a total circulation in the west of 51,996.

We regret that the gain on the Quarterly is so small. Its circulation ought to have doubled. Still more do we regret to see a falling off in the circulation of the National. That periodical deserves a better fate. We are at a loss to comprehend the reasons for such a result. Our Agents in the west enter heartily into the interests of these periodicals, and have never failed to bring them to the notice of our people through their advertising columns. This is as it should be. We should be unwilling to have any agency in disrupting the two great publishing interests of the Church. The responsibility of any thing that even looked in that direction, would be found too heavy to be borne.

These mighty resources of intellectual and moral power in the Church, under the sanctifying influences of the grace of God, will, and ought to contribute immensely to the redemption of the world from sin, and to the elevation of our common humanity.



PAINTED BY L. SABATIER

LAKE GOMO

ENGRAVED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LAMPE REPOSITORY

REPRODUCED BY W. VALLANCE

Illustration of the Lake of Gomo

ENGRAVED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LINDSEY REPOSITORY



DRAWN BY BOOTE.

PLUM DACE.

ENG'D BY F. E. JONES.

SOLDIERS' MONUMENT.

(MILFORD, IOWA)

DESIGNED BY F. E. JONES FOR THE MONUMENT SOCIETY